

# Graduate



Oh the dear good days, oh kind and lovely people . . .

William  
Kilbourn



We didn't call that kinkiness in those days – we called it love.

Robertson  
Davies



My friends were worried that I might lose my last year because I went dancing night after night.

Pauline  
McGibbon



An ex-Navy sub-lieutenant turned to me and said: "This can't be university, it's too entertaining."

Douglas  
Fisher



The big



# Graduate

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**VOL. IV, NO. 3**

Editor: Don Evans, B.A. '63 (U.W.O.)  
Assistant Editor: Sheila Robinson Fallis, B.A. 770  
Copy Editor: Margaret MacAulay  
Designer: Peter Maher  
Layout: Doris Adler  
Design Consultants: Laurie Lewis, U of T Press

Advisory Board: Mrs. E.J. (Lou) Pamerter, B.A. 672, chairman; Vincent Egan, B.A. 571, M.B.A. 575; Douglas Marshall, B.A. 579, Hon. B.A. 671; Vivian McDonough, B.A. 571; Peter O. Scargill, Divinity 577; Sonja Sinclair, B.A. 473; Prof. Arthur Kruger, B.A. 575, Ph.D. '59 (M.I.T.); Prof. Robertson Davies, B. Litt. '56 (Oxon); E.B.M. Penington, 479, Director, Alumni Affairs; Elizabeth Wilson, B.A. 579, Director, Information Services; The Editor.

Address all correspondence to: Department of Information Services, University of Toronto, 45 Willscocks Street, Toronto, Ontario M5S 1A1. Telephone (416) 978-2021.

Advertising representatives: Auburn Media Limited, 124 Ava Road, Toronto, Ontario M5C 1W1. Telephone (416) 781-6957.

The Graduate would like to thank all those alumni who contributed their reminiscences to this issue. Thanks also to L.E. Jones, Professor Emeritus, Applied Science and Engineering, for his calligraphic contribution, and to Mary Heakelman, B.A. 676, M.A. 772, for her editorial assistance. The reminiscence by Peter C. Newman appears courtesy of the Vic Report. The cover illustrations are by Mike Martchenko.

Postage paid in cash at Third Class rates-Permit No. C 50-Postage paid at Toronto.

## Presidential greetings

I am grateful to the Editor for the opportunity to extend greetings to the readers of the *Graduate* in this its Sesquicentennial issue.

An anniversary such as this is a milestone, an opportunity for stock taking and re-dedication, a time for hospitality and the sharing of academic celebrations, plays and music with our friends; an excuse, not for an ear-splitting fanfare, but for a few modest well-chosen toots of our own trumpet and for recognizing some of our most eminent scholars and long-time faithful servants; a time for testing whether our aims are still valued by society sufficiently to command support from the private sector, most particularly from our best living advertisement, the graduate body, and a challenge to us all to show the leadership, the courage and the will that Canada has a right to expect from an institution which has emerged as a great national university.

As the *Graduate* goes to press, one of the campaign objectives, the renewal of out-of-date facilities, has been tragically dramatized by the first major fire the University has had since University College burned on February 14, 1890. The stately Sandford Fleming building, or McLennan Laboratory as it was originally called, was opened 70 years ago. It is a sobering fact that we have older buildings than that being heavily over-used; the extended absence of capital funds and the forced economies of the past four years on the operating side take their inevitable toll.

I am greatly heartened by the ringing confidence that has been expressed in the University of Toronto by the major corporations, which have responded splendidly to our solicitation of funds. With a like response from individual staff, students, graduates and friends, we shall enter our second 150 years with enhanced ability to respond to the current pressing needs of our economic and cultural life, and to give our students the chance to develop their intellectual flexibility and power - and I hope, their character and determination - so as to meet with steadfastness and resilience the as yet unknown demands of the twenty-first century.

*Don Evans*  
John Evans

*Sesquicentennial*



1827-1977



Richard Godfrey, Dentistry IT6, took part in the Soph-Frosh fight (this picture commemorates Don't miss his short reminiscence and the dozens of others that start on page 15 of this Sesquicentennial issue.

# Letters home

by Robbie Salter

Trinity College  
Queen Street,  
Toronto,  
29<sup>th</sup> March 1859

Dear Uncle Forbes,

Thank you very much indeed for the generous birthday gift. It is particularly welcome since I have come perilously close to using up my coal allowance in this severe Winter. How vexing it is that one should feed one's grate (*ingrate*, more like!) with heaps of coal, only to be thumped with puffs of chill black smoke! When all of us in this College bring at the fountains with our scuttles in protest of the weather, the racket, you may be assured, is remarkable, while the exertion warms the body and, furthermore, stimulates the flagging mind.

I am, of course, completely understand your avuncular concern, as both my Uncle and my Godfather, for my well-being; and I do appreciate your writing to me of "the dangers, the snares, the turpitude of the world, and the baseness of the characters therein." But, dear Uncle Forbes, allow me forthwith to allay your fears that I wantonly drift towards the everlasting bonfires. I am, after all, sixteen years of age, and am not carousing in low taverns or loitering in billiard halls, however tempting it might be to linger in the warmth of those steam-heated emporia, rather than return to my own chilly quarters.

The truth of the matter, dear Uncle, is that my life is almost monastic. I rise at 6:15 in the cold and the dark, the fire dead, the water often frozen in the basin. I descend to Chapel at 7:30. Much of each day is spent in class and study. Often during evening study, Old Mariner, a rat with a forethoughtful till and a ton of ears, will appear from a hole in the wainscoting, stare at me for a moment, and then scuttle heavily down the hall in search of a few oats. He seems to be inhabiting Francis's old room. Poor Francis recently left the College, he having contracted consumption.

Attendance at Chapel, meals, and class is compulsory, and each evening we have to be in residence by 10, though twice a month we can stay out until mid-night. We do bespeak a beer or two of an evening after Chapel, and sometimes play a game of whist. A few of our number use tobacco in the form of fags, but certainly I have not fallen prey to the habit. Sometimes over a jar of mulled beer, we discourse upon Tennyson's poetry, free will, or archaeology. Recently I heard two fascinating lectures, one by Daniel Wilson on pre-historic man, the other by Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson on American, who spoke on transcendentalism. I was inspired to read further of him in his little book, "Nature".

Sometimes the discussions are heated and advance towards fist-cuffs. Then, whichever preceptor is on duty must turn all wilderness right again. But one night recently, when Prof. Fosse was on duty, the evening turned very gay indeed. It was his birthday, and we sang a few rounds of "Come into the Garden, Maude" and "Mrs. Lefty and I". Periodically Fosse, who uses snuff and whose nick-name is "Pumpet", would punctuate the chorus by snuffing loudly into an enormous, brown silk handkerchief. Soon, however, befuddled by beer and snuff, he began to hiccup and toppled dangerously near the hearth. He aided him to his bed, gaiters and all, and it was not long until the hiccoughing and sneezing gave place to the snore of satiety.

On Sundays, we often walk into town, a distance of about four miles, to what remains of an apple orchard between Bond and Yonge Streets, and back. If we are caught not wearing our academicals in town, we are in jeopardy of a gating, or of having to write out the entire Chapel Service. Wearing the black robes of the College, I fear, often makes us a target for the townfolk's jibes.

We are always glad enough to take a ride in a farmer's wagon returning to the countryside beyond Spadina Avenue. Few can afford cab hire, and although there is talk of installing public transportation, it still seems decades away. With a population of over 41,000 souls, and the borders of the City now right up to Bloor Street, even horse-drawn cars would be a welcome amenity.

Two weeks ago, I went shanks' mare to visit Cousin Edmund at University College. We met on the borders of the Taddle, a sometimes torrentuous stream wherein one may catch fish and upon which we plan to skate next winter. We walked to the nearby meadows where the head boy, in the process of driving the cattle out to have a run in the meadow after the long winter in the byre, had lost the key to the gate. He was weeping copiously at the prospect of having to beseech the Butcher for a duplicate key and would not be comforted. We each gave him twopence and he brightened somewhat. As I walked back to my College, I could not but contemplate how much less stringent were the rules attending Edmund's life compared with those confining mine. Still, I am happy with my lot, and should not choose to change.

If Cousin Theodore still anticipates entering Trinity College next year, I trust he is taking pains to prepare himself commendably in the first two books of Euclid, in Mathematics and Algebra, in the Four Gospels, of course, and in Cicero and Aristotle, as well. If you and he so desire, I should be happy to tutor him a few week-ends here. After an arduous struggle at the outset, I feel I am beginning to progress in my own studies, favouring especially Metaphysics, Classical Literature and Logic, and Natural Philosophy.

I anticipate with pleasure your forthcoming visit to the City. Shall you stay at Ellah's Hotel? I shall walk in to visit you and Aunt Ernestine when it is convenient for you, and, should we visit Pibble's Book Store together, may apportion some of your gift for a purchase therein. Perhaps Theodore would like to join me in a Sunday afternoon's tobogganing down the steep hill north of Yeterville Village. Please give Aunt Ernestine my kindest regards and tell her I have recently been apprised of a panacea for the gout. I feel certain it will offer her relief from the exquisite pain she suffers. It is called Tincture of Colicicum.

I do hope your travel by stage is without incident and that you are spared the fatigues of journey. In the meantime, Dear Uncle, please rest assured that I shall in no wise squander your gift. I am, after all, not unmindful that Father paid £50 for my tuition fee, and for my servant, coal, and board. Until we meet again, I remain,

Your Faithful and Devoted Nephew and Godson,

Anald,





Huron Street,  
Toronto,  
March 7, 1977

Dear Folks,

I'm gradually getting back into the grind after reading week. Spent the first half of it with Maryanne's family ~~in~~<sup>at</sup> in the city and the rest at their ski cabin in Collingwood. The skiing was great!

As I write this, incidentally, I'm listening to the new Kiss album Maryanne gave me for Christmas. Fantastic!

Glad Grandad liked the clippings about Sesquicentennial year. I remember his telling me how he and his classmates marked U of T's centennial by making a rocket in Chemistry class and setting the thing aloft at midnight on the front campus, and how he was afraid they'd all get suspended for not getting official permission.

Thanks for your letters. You ask what I plan to do this summer. My two roommates and I have a chance to buy a van- cheap. It's fitted with 3 beds, stove, sink, TV and even a fireplace. We're hoping to drive to Yellowknife, where we'd work in the mines and sleep in the van at ~~night~~<sup>night</sup>. It would be a great chance to see the effects of mine pollution on vegetation and the info would be really valuable for Pollution Probe. Living in the co-op has been really cheap and I'm sure I can swing my end of the deal. ~~xxxxxx~~

You'd be surprised to see me taking my turn in the kitchen, though mostly I manage OK. The first time I used the pressure cooker, I opened the lid too soon and sent one chicken and three carrots aloft. The carrots stuck to the ceiling (one of them's still up there), and I barely managed to ~~maneuver~~<sup>maneuver</sup> the pot into position ~~before~~<sup>before</sup> in time for the chicken's splashdown.

A couple of weeks after we moved in, we missed the garbage collection and I had to stuff four bulging plastic bags into a stray shopping cart and run it to the truck which was by then two streets over. The thing is, if we leave the garbage out, the people at the church a couple of doors away get upset, especially when the dogs that still hang around Rochdale forage in the bags and make an unholy mess.

Now that the intramural basketball season is over, I'm keeping fit with broom ball and squash. Yesterday, en route to the Hart House courts, I ran into Janet, who was on her way to that committee she's on that arranges Hart House concerts. It still freaks me to bump into my little sister on the campus. She's a really worked-out kid and you've got no worries on her account.

And I think you should stop hassling John about his marks. The guy's got the makings of a great carpenter. Why should he be forced to hack academics if he wants to live creatively with his own two ~~hands~~<sup>hands</sup>? I'd be proud to have a brother who could build a good solid house. Tell him for me I really got off on cross-country skiing with him through the Toronto ravines in January. We've sure had lots of snow this year.

Thanks for the magazines. I liked the spoof on our so-called free enterprise system and that piece on Canada's intervention in the Third World. Maryanne, who is learning to speak some Chinese in her Asian Studies course, enjoyed ~~xxxx~~ China and Canada- 1980". She also found the story on transcendental meditation fascinating, especially after hearing Maharishi Mahesh Yogi's lecture last term.

Speaking of lectures, I took in one by Marshall McLuhan on the generation gap recently. He maintains that members of your generation have a dominant left hemisphere in the brain, and as such are logical and analytical, whereas my generation have a dominant right hemisphere, making us intuitive and interested in the occult and the 'hidden dimensions of life'. McLuhan thinks TV brought about the switch-over ~~xxxx~~ and that 2,500 years ago the Greeks became left hemisphere dominant within a century when they had to learn the phonetic alphabet.

He also thinks a career change every five or 10 years is a good idea, by the way. I sure hope my career as a lawyer lasts longer than that- if I ever get into law school, that is. So far, my marks aren't bad at all - even philosophy and economics are coming up.

Don't worry about my diet, ~~xxxx~~<sup>xxxx</sup>. When I don't eat at the house, I can always grab a sandwich from one of the food vans on St. George Street, or have a beer and a good feed at the Innis Pub. (I hear Woodsworth has a new pub too.) And don't worry about my beer consumption Dad- it went down when I started just about sleeping in the Robarts. Now the kids in the 60s ever made it, with all the time they spent in protests and demonstrations, baffles me!

My jeans are hanging in. Maryanne patched them during reading week. I could use a few socks though. Work boots eat socks. ~~At~~<sup>At</sup> the moment I'm wearing one Argyle and one navy with a hole where the big toe should be.

Peace,

Jim



# Torontonemesis

by Shirley Whittington

A fur coat. Sound teeth. A University education.

In 1950, these were what a girl needed to be Somebody, according to my parents.

Chubbiness, spectacles, bitten fingernails, a tendency to giggle a lot – these were peripheral inconveniences which time would iron out.

The teeth, then, were expensively maintained. The fur coat arrived shortly after the final fee payment. The degree was duly granted in 1953, in quorum fidei from Collegium Victoriae.

(There may be some passing historical interest in the fact that mine was the last class, ever, of Pass Arts – a

wondrously varied shotgun approach to learning which left one with bumps all over the head.)

During those three dizzying years, my father sat at his desk 100 miles away, and wrote cheques for tuition, for books, for a new tennis racquet, for a sumptuous gown for the North House At-Home. He also sent stamped envelopes addressed to himself – wistful reminders that he'd like an occasional report on his investment.

My mother still has those letters, and I hope she burns them before my kids find them. They are depressing reading, and make me long for retroactive postal strikes.

"Worked at library last night and met this cute guy from Leamington . . . please send money for new bras, as I flushed last three down Wymilwood toilet . . . have dropped Latin because too hard and very boring . . . please send money for football weekend at Queen's . . . failed French Lit, but have made the ornamental swim team . . . please send money for new bathing suit . . ."

This was not, I think, the sort of thing my parents had in mind when they sent their daughter off for a Higher Education, but I know they took solace in the rigid rules of the women's residence, which discouraged total hedonism.

A photograph which I mailed home in my first year must have gladdened their hearts. It was of 31 well-groomed and smiling young ladies from places like Cobourg and Bowmanville, Balsour and Warton, arranged at the far end of the Wymilwood common room. Our don, Anne Bolgan, sat in our midst, smiling but vigilant.

We were an eight by ten black and white glossy embodiment of 31 rural parental dreams. We were all going to be Somebody. Our knees were well covered, and there wasn't a slouch or a scowl in the lot.

After that picture was snapped, the photographer urged us to "clown it up a bit". We did, and he snapped a second shot in which the girl from Bowmanville donned a funny hat and poured drinks from an empty wine bottle, the girl from Warton crossed her eyes and stuck out her tongue, and the girl from Coldwater opted for what she thought was a hilarious sight gag.

She pulled a brown paper bag over her head.

This was a regrettable piece of whimsy, since until this very moment, probably nobody ever knew that the bagged clown in the second row was me.

Now that I think on it, my days at Vic fairly rang with anonymity. I was not a cheerleader, or president of anything. I was never quoted, or even pictured, in *The Varsity*. I espoused no causes; unsettled no professors with insidious quibbles about Kant or Donne.

The high point of the three years was when I was published (once) in *Acta Victoriana*. I can't remember that anybody ever read my earnest piece, but I do remember secretly gloating over the by-line.

John Irving was the only professor to whom I was more than just a name, and this was because he kept attendance records and checked our slouching bodies against a carefully ruled seating plan.

Otherwise I got through *nullaintocta*. More than one of my teachers suspected that I did not exist. Once I was called to the office of Miss Jenkins who waved an English essay at me and said sorrowfully, "Did you commit this? Just couldn't connect a face with this signature."

The various vestibules of Wymilwood and the rules which prohibited entry of any male person after 12.30 p.m.

occasional longings not for anonymity, but for invisibility. Into one of these vestibules, I once lured a young man. It was cold outside. To exchange kisses on the doorstep seemed foolhardy from the point of view of health, if not for comfort.

Suddenly the inner door opened and disgorged a herd of dignitaries from Wymilwood's innards. Into a broom closet we fled, and there remained for what seemed like



hours, wedged against stinking mops and pails and each other while the departing toils made their adieu.

Another night, the same swain and I were intertwined in a different vestibule after hours, when a key turned in the lock and we were suddenly in the presence of the Dean of Women, Jessie MacPherson.

Gracious Jessie rose to the occasion with more aplomb than we. "It is," she said coolly, "rather late, isn't it?"

Lovely Jessie MacPherson. How I admired her for her grace, her warmth, her charm. How I longed for her to notice me, to like me.

She lived in Wymilwood, and our paths crossed frequently but not always amiably. She hosted, one night, an aristocratic musicale starring a famous lady harpsichordist and a glittering supporting cast of distinguished alumnae. Caterer's boxes full of pastel petits-fours sat in the downstairs kitchen awaiting distribution after the white-gloved applause had subsided.

Wandering below stairs in my jeans, I found those cakes and scoffed them. I handed them out to grateful friends on the second floor. (They were grateful because all of us apple-cheeked country girls were perpetually dieting in an effort to achieve the bony elegance of our Dean of Women.)

I don't know what the music lovers ate that night. I only remember scuffing my feet on Jessie's carpet the next day as she gently reprimanded me and sighed, "You are a caricature of yourself." - which sent me scurrying to the dictionary.

Another night, a friend and I descended on a stuffy gathering of grad students in one of the Wymilwood common rooms. Camouflaged in borrowed capes and hoods, we made our way through the startled throngs to the piano, where we sat down and sang a richly bawdy song of our own composition. We then departed amidst delecting, indignant silence.

With that same freaky friend (who later became somewhat celebrated for covering the toilet seats in Annesley Hall with Saran Wrap) I spent a full afternoon in Shirley Endicott's room, replacing the faces in her treasured family photographs with monkey faces, cut from a *National Geographic*.

These caprices were not mentioned in my infrequent letters home. My folks continued to send cheques and bundles of clean laundry and oatmeal cookies. And somewhere, they continued to trust that facts and theories were still being funnelled into my head.

Well - were they? Did I, in those three years at the feet of the Dowager Queen, learn anything?

Yes. I learned that no matter how long you hang a bottle of supermarket cider out a residence window, it will not, all by itself, turn into something intoxicating and delicious.

A boy bought me a yellow chrysanthemum for the Toronto-Western game and I learned what an offensive tackle was. I learned to play bridge, and tennis, and I found out what "specious" means.

I learned to argue with writers, and to pencil things like "interesting, if true" in the margins of books I owned, (but never in other people's).

I learned that there was more to choral music than the United Church Choir singing "In The Garden". Actually, I joined Miss MacPherson's Christmas choir, and learned obscure and beautiful carols which still I cannot hear without getting misty-eyed. (Not excessively though. I also remember her rebuke once when I was bellowing with unrestrained enthusiasm about the babe in the manger: "A little less emphasis on the first syllable of Jesus, I think," she said. "You make it sound a trifle profane.")

I learned to love language from giants like Robins and Colborne and Frye.

I discovered the sharp joy of suddenly understanding something, and the frustration of trying to explain it to someone of an opposite persuasion.

I learned that genius comes in many guises - from the kindly wisdom of A.B.B. Moore, to the puckish irreverence of John Knight and the showy extravagance of Edmund Carpenter.

And after the final set of exams, I discussed a few abstract ideas with my parents, and like Mark Twain, I was astonished at how much they'd learned in three years.

I graduated with characteristic anonymity. You could look it up in *TorontoTribune* 1953. On page 301, there's a sombre photo, with three words under it, "Pass-Future: Teaching." ("You have to join something?," I remember my roommates shouting at me months earlier, "What will they put under your grad picture?")

I've tried to tell my kids all about this, but they just go all glassy-eyed with boredom. Why not? These days everybody is a somebody and everybody goes to college.

Today's students can conduct their goodnights (and ensuing goodmornings too, if they wish), in a draught-free privacy. Egalitarianism prevails, and if the Dean of Women gets petit-fours, so do the kids in the cafeteria. If a pair of halfwits wandered into a post-grad gathering to sing a dirty song, would anybody notice?

Lovely dumpy old Victoria is aproned now with a rectangular modernism. Annesley Hall looks peaked and tired as if she's had too many late nights. The K.C.R. is reinstated, but it's not the same. And Wymilwood is upstaged by the pushy starlet next door.

My beautiful teeth are rotting. The fur coat's tatty, and the Pass B.A. is about as remarkable as a lithograph of the Mona Lisa.

Those three years didn't make me into a Somebody after all.

But isn't it odd that I remember them so clearly, and with such affection?

Shirley Whittington, 5T3, is a syndicated columnist living in Midland, Ont.

YOU ARE CORDIALLY  
INVITED TO ATTEND

## THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO'S



## 150<sup>th</sup> anniversary dinner

### DINNERS WILL BE HELD IN THE FOLLOWING BRANCHES:

- |                |  |
|----------------|--|
| March 11, 1977 | WASHINGTON/BALTIMORE<br>Indian Spring Country Club<br>Silver Spring, Maryland<br>Telephone: (202) 966-4441 |
| March 14, 1977 | WINDSOR, ONTARIO<br>Cleary Auditorium<br>Skyline Room<br>Telephone: (519) 253-0847                         |
|                | MONTREAL, QUEBEC<br>Airport Hilton, Dorval<br>Telephone: (514) 933-4833                                    |
|                | KINGSTON, ONTARIO<br>Holiday Inn<br>Telephone: (613) 546-0862  |
|                | NEW YORK, N.Y.<br>Telephone: (212) 674-1253  |
|                | PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA<br>Telephone: (215) 664-5885  |
|                | NORTHERN CALIFORNIA<br>University Club, San Francisco<br>Telephone: (707) 544-0734                         |
|                | SUDBURY, ONTARIO<br>Caslo's<br>Telephone: (705) 675-6507   |
|                | PETERBOROUGH, ONTARIO<br>Telephone: (705)-745-3235   |
|                | OTTAWA, ONTARIO<br>Telephone: (613) 829-3595   |
| March 15, 1977 | VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA<br>Victoria Golf Club<br>Telephone: (604) 382-9009                              |

## Special travel rates for alumni

A \$10 reduction for U of T alumni on any ABC Charter Flight from Canada to Europe advertised anywhere has been negotiated by the Department of Alumni Affairs.

Special rates on charter flights from Toronto to London have also been arranged. Various dates and duration limits between May 4 and Sept. 28 are available.

And alumni who are 30 years or younger can take advantage of a Paris travel program that includes: round trip airfare between Toronto and Paris; accommodation for first six nights in tourist class hotel in Paris; transfer from airport to hotel; coach tour of Paris; services of travel representative. Cost \$429 - \$499 per person, depending on time of year.

Contact: Canadian Universities Travel Service Ltd., 44 St. George St., Toronto M5S 2E4; telephone 979-2604.

## Florida bound? Hit the books!

The Department of Alumni Affairs is pleased to inform alumni who holiday in either the Greater Miami or St. Petersburg regions of Florida that information on non-degree, continuing education courses available at both the School of Continuing Studies, University of Miami, and Eckerd College, St. Petersburg, may be obtained by contacting: Dr. William Gleberman, Department of Alumni Affairs, University of Toronto, Toronto M5S 1A1; telephone 978-8991.



## Funds sought after Engineering fire



Because the historic Sandford Fleming Building was badly damaged by fire in the early morning hours of February 11, Engineering alumni are undertaking a special fund drive.

Alumni of the Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering are spearheading a drive for funds to help the Faculty recoup from the disastrous fire that destroyed a good deal of the 70-year-old Sandford Fleming building on Feb. 11, and the organizers of the special drive are making "a very urgent plea in the hope that all U of T alumni, no matter what their disciplines, will help now."

The fire, which burned out of control for eight hours, resulted in several million dollars' worth of damage to the historic building. Replacing the laboratory equipment and the furnishings that were destroyed by flames or ruined by water from firemen's hoses will cost millions more. Smoke and water damage to the adjoining Galbraith Building, and to the holdings of the Engineering library - "the best in Canada until the fire" - also runs into the millions.

Though insurance coverage was sufficient to replace structure and contents, it will not pay for any improvements to what had long been considered badly out-of-date facilities. Even before the fire, the University had earmarked \$4 million, to be garnered through the Update fundraising campaign, for upgrading Sandford Fleming. Now, though, it may be necessary to in-

crease that figure, as existing plans had not provided for any basic functional redesign of the kind that replacement will entail.

Comments U of T President John Evans, "My somewhat facetious, but also very serious, remark of 10 months ago, when the Update campaign was getting underway, that many of the older buildings on the St. George campus are of historical interest to some, but of hysterical interest to our fire marshal, has unfortunately been proven all too true.

"As I stated then, because 25 percent of the buildings on the downtown campus are more than 40 years old and have never been renovated, the University must undertake a major renewal of the old and inefficient buildings in the south campus area. Ten months ago the project was of major importance. Now it has been proven to be urgent.

"Sandford Fleming was built in 1907 and was known as the McLennan Lab until Engineering took it over. But only the name was changed - there were not any improvements to the building. The flooring is wood, and the material used in the construction was not fire-resistant. In the fire, we were fortunate there was no loss of life.

"The Government of Ontario does not provide funds for renovation of university buildings, so we must turn for assistance to our alumni and to others in the private sector. The Update campaign has reached the \$11 million mark in less than a year, most of this from corporations, but the goal of \$25 million must be reached if such other essential projects as the renovation of the old Mining Building and the Fitz Gerald Building are to be carried out."

Graduates of the University traditionally have responded generously in times of need. In 1890, when fire destroyed most of University College and its entire library holdings, alumni were leaders in a drive to build a new library and restock it with 50,000 volumes. Between 1900 and 1904, alumni funds led to the building of Convocation Hall, and following World War I, they created the Soldiers' Tower. The National Fund of 1959 again demonstrated that the University has a place in the affections of former students.

The quick response of the Engineering alumni to the devastation of the Sandford Fleming building, and their plea to other alumni to contribute to the special Update drive, may well prove the one good result of the fire.

### Senior alumni lecture series

Quebec separatism, religion in our time, and the history of U of T are among the topics to be presented in the second annual lecture/discussion series announced by the Senior Alumni Committee of the UTAA.

The series, especially designed for retired U of T alumni, has an academic orientation, yet is conducted in an informal atmosphere, and this year will be held on Wednesdays, between March 30 and April 27, 9.30 a.m. - noon, in Room 179 (Media Room), University College. Fee \$11 per person or \$15 per couple.

On March 30, Prof. Raymond Breton, Department of Sociology, will lecture on "Separatism in Quebec". On April 6, "Religion in Our Time" will be discussed by Prof. Roger Hutchinson, Department of Religious Studies, Victoria College. On April 13, "Canadian Theatre" will be reviewed by Prof. Ann Saddlemyer, Director of the Graduate Centre for the Study of Drama. On April 20, Prof. Thomas Wilson, Institute for Policy Analysis, will discuss "Managing the Canadian Economy". And on April 27, "Our University's History" will be the topic of Prof. Robin Harris, University Historian.

In all cases, coffee will be served at 9.30 and the lecture will begin at 10. The session on March 30 will be followed by a light lunch in Croft Chapter House, University College (the cost is included in the series' fee).

For further information, contact Dr. William Glebezn at 978-9991.

#### Clip and mail to:

Alumni House,  
University of Toronto,  
47 Wilkies Street,  
Toronto, M5S 1A1

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone: \_\_\_\_\_

Year of graduation: \_\_\_\_\_

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# Facts & Faces

## Noble University suffers cruel loss

February 14, 1890  
(Taken from the *Globe* of the following day)

Toronto suffered last night the cruellest loss in history.

The destruction by fire of its noble University is a terrible blow to the Province, and all over the Dominion will cause intense grief and honest sympathy.

The story of the late of the University is short. The Literary Society of the University holds annually a conversation, and last evening was fixed for it.

About twenty minutes to seven, two of the University employees were proceeding along the eastern wing with some two or three dozen lighted lamps on a sort of tray. At the head of the stairs leading to the Senate Chambers, one of the lamps overturned and the oil ignited as it flowed over the boards. In a moment all the lamps were ablaze. The men tried to stamp out the flames, for the water was off, but to no avail.

The fire originated close to the Senate Chamber, travelled north to the wing composed of Convocation Hall and reached out to the main building.

While a section of firemen had been fighting the flames in Convocation Hall, the library had been swept out of existence. This was the pride of the University, containing 35,000 rare and costly volumes, valued at close upon \$100,000, as well as valuable School of Science instruments.

It was nearly 10 o'clock when the fire was finally quenched in the west wing. The whole of the central and eastern part of the edifice was now in ruins. As the crowds threaded their way homeward, they kept behind them the smoking ruins of a dramatic and tragic catastrophe.

## Scientist discovers drug for diabetes

January 1922

Frederick Banting, a young scientist working at U of T, has just developed a drug that has given hope to thousands of people suffering from diabetes, a usually fatal disease.

The story of his discovery begins last May, when Dr. Banting asked the University for a laboratory and a research assistant for eight weeks. He wanted to prove his theory that there is an internal secretion from the pancreas, which, when interrupted, causes the condition called diabetes. A somewhat skeptical Professor J.B. McLeod, of the medical school, agreed to Banting's request, and work was begun on May 16.

Upon investigation, Banting and his assistant, Charles Best, found there was indeed a chemical secreted by the pancreas. When they administered doses of this material, eventually called insulin, to a depancreatized dog, it caused sugar to disappear from the animal's urine, facilitated the use of intravenous glucose and increased the duration of its life.

Now all the two scientists needed was a ready supply of insulin. Dr. Banting determined that the pancreas of a partly developed animal fetus would contain the most abundant supply of the insulin-producing cells, so he and Dr. Best headed off for an abattoir, and on January 11, this year, the first human patients were treated with a purified extract of the material.



The Right Reverend John Strachan

## After 16-year delay King's College opens

June 8, 1843

King's College was formally opened today when its 26 students signed the registration roll after a stirring address by the Lord Bishop of Toronto, the Right Reverend John Strachan, who is President of the new institution. It was a victorious moment for the Bishop, who has been fighting to have the College established ever since it first received its royal charter over 16 years ago, on March 14, 1827.

The delays were principally the result of a strenuous sectarian struggle between the Anglican Church, which received the charter at Strachan's urging, and that sizeable segment of the population of Upper Canada who concluded that the College should not cater to any single religious denomination (unless, perhaps, to their own).

In 1828, a delegation of prominent citizens, chiefly Methodists and Church of Scotland supporters, carried petitions to the British Parliament protesting that the portals of the College "should be thrown open to all, and upon none who enter should any influence be exerted to attach them to any particular creed or church..."; and during the next 10 years, the battle for control of the College seared and saved while Strachan saw to the purchase of suitable lands, commissioned an architect and prepared for classes by appointing professors of classics, belles lettres, divinity, law, mathematics, chemistry and anatomy.

At last, to no one's entire satisfaction, the Amendment Act of 1837 was passed, severing the most important links between the College and the Anglicans, but leaving Strachan at the helm and his Church still in possession of the Divinity chair. Hence, the Methodist Society has established Victoria College in Cobourg and the Presbyterians their Queen's College in Kingston.

At today's ceremony, Dr. Strachan closed his address with these inspiring words: "In this institution our chief care will, it is hoped, ever be to cherish and strengthen in our youth those principles and affections which give our finite beings to soar above this transitory sense, and energy to that mental vision which shall enable them to look with confidence on the glories of the spiritual when this material world is vanishing rapidly away."

## Gowns in fashion this week at U.C.

January 14, 1927

Although some might deny it, rumour has it that the currently sponsored Gown Week at University College, during which all U.C. women are being encouraged to wear academic gowns, is partly motivated by the fact that such garb is de rigueur at St. Hilda's.

Gown Week is being sponsored by the Women's Undergraduate Association of U.C. and, so far, is considered a fair success. About three in five women have donned gowns on a trial basis, and a surprising number have even gone so far as to purchase their own.

Miss L.I. Scott, president of the Women's Undergraduate Association, and an ardent gown backer, is thrilled at the success of this, the second attempt by her group to interest U.C. women in wearing academic attire.

"Many women are enthusiastic over the comfort and protective service the gowns offer," Miss Scott says. "We believe that 1927 could be the year U.C. women will decide to adopt them for regular use, even though some of us take classes in several different buildings."

It has been alleged that earlier in the week, one St. Hilda's co-ed who was working in a laboratory had her gown wrapped and fastened so tightly about her that some observers feared for her continuing ability to breathe. When questioned, she explained that she had been led to believe that some U.C. women were out to obtain gowns for their own use "by hook or by crook".

## Moss Scholarship still going strong

Spring 1934

"Know you that the University of Toronto Alumni Association, after due and careful consideration, has awarded you, as the best all-round student in the final year of the Faculty of Arts and Science of the University of Toronto, the John H. Moss Memorial Fund Scholarship."

Thus read the wording on the scroll given in 1921 to the first two recipients of the Moss Scholarship: Philip Child of Trinity College and Harold Brown of Victoria College.

John Henry Moss graduated from University College in 1889, studied at Osgoode Hall, and was called to the Bar in 1892. He served during the first world war as a member of the Military Service Council in Ottawa.

In 1920, Colonel Moss died of influenza. Shortly thereafter his friends set up a memorial fund in his honour and offered a \$300 annual award. "At first, preference was given to former members of the Canadian Expeditionary Force and their families. Now it is given to students likely to do graduate or professional training, or to travel abroad the year after graduation."

"It is true there are no Churchills, no Rockefellers, no Einsteins, no Dostoevskys among the Moss Scholars," comments one of this year's winners, J.K. Thomas, "but the committee selects men and women who are primarily students and who will find on the banks of the Isis, the Cam and the Charles, and in the cafes of Paris, values that make them more perceptive, and therefore, better people."

"In 1960, the Moss Scholarship selection committee increased the award and it has since crept up to \$4,000 for each of the three awards made each year. Much of the extra capital was provided by the Colonel's widow, Christine M. Moss. The Scholarship is administered by the University of Toronto Alumni Association."

## Varsity captures Earl Grey Cup again



November 1920

The U of T Blues have again captured the coveted Earl Grey Cup, emblematic of supremacy in Canadian rugby. It is the third time the Blues have won the national title in the past several years.

Members of the team are:

Back Row: F.C.A. Houston, M.D. Earle, J.W. Douglas, W.B. Snyder, W.L. Mackenzie, J. Hyde, W.L. Wallace, E.G. Rolph, C.C. Allan, K.A. Hamilton, Vice-President. Second Row: G.E. Weston, A.G. Stilrett, A.W. Carew, N.W. Taylor, J.W. Taylor, P.A.C. Ketchum, President; H.C. Cassels Jr., Hon. Coach; J.M. Breen, Captain; Dr. J.W. Barton, Physiological Director; H.F. Ketchum. Front Row: A.S. Malcolmson, Secretary Treasurer; W.E. Blatz, M.A. Manager; J.R. Strirrett, L.M. Murray, B.A., G.G. Duncan, R.T. Weaver, F.W. Fisher, R.H. Ferguson, F.G. Sullivan, H.E. Hobbs. Inset: K.L. Carruthers.

## Shame! Hart House hosts female diners

March 1953

According to the more pessimistic misogynists among us, today marks the beginning of the end. Women have been seen eating in the Great Hall of Hart House during a regular meal hour.

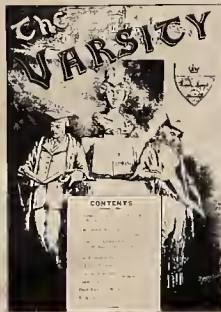
The unprecedented and unfortunate occasion was the first Invitation Dinner to which members of the House could bring their mothers and other female acquaintances. This is part of a distressing trend that began several years ago towards increasing the number of "special occasions"

at Hart House to which the fair sex might be admitted.

Since 1951, women have been allowed into the Art Gallery on Wednesday afternoons, and this year for the first time they have been permitted to attend Wednesday afternoon recitals, and even the infrequent library evening.

But be of good cheer! Despite the grumblings of some of our gloomy members that "this is the thin edge of the wedge", Hart House is sure to remain "off limits" for those of the female persuasion.

## New student journal to be 'demure'



October 7, 1980

The first issue of *The Varsity*, a weekly review of education, university politics and events, has just appeared. The cost is five cents per issue, and copies can be purchased each Saturday during the academic year from Mr. Wilkinson, at the corner of

Adelaide and Toronto Streets. The editorial offices are located on York Street.

The editors have expressed their intention to "serve advantageously the general good of a community whose professed passport to consideration is intellectuality of character".

Least any readers should think this presumptuous, the editors write: "In reality our intentions are very demure: not a guiding star, not an interpreter, but a register of opinion in and out of the university in matters of education; an unbiased analyst of university life; and, in the last connection, a strenuous advocate of what constitutes individual well-being."

If the contents of the unaugmented issue are any indication, the paper shows promise of being both controversial and provocative. William Houston's article on co-education is most timely, as he urges members of the fairer sex to press for the right to take third and fourth year classes with their male counterparts at University College. To date, as is well known, no woman has gone beyond second year in the university curriculum at the College.

We look forward eagerly to the publication of *The Varsity's* next issue, and wish the adventurous editors every success.



## Students demonstrate against Vietnam war

October 21, 1967

Nearly 4,000 people took part today in the Vietnam war protest ever held in Toronto. About two-thirds of the demonstrators were University students, reflecting the growing concern on the campus over alleged Canadian complicity in the war.

## Education in Ontario infected with dry rot?

January 24, 1927

As far as U of T President Sir Robert Falconer is concerned, rumours of the demise of Ontario's first-rate educational system are premature. In a speech last week he expressed his total disagreement with recent statements by Miss Agnes MacPhail, M.P. for South Grey, that Canadian education is "a complete failure, obsolete, and infected with dry rot."

Miss MacPhail, who made her remarks in a speech to the United Farmers of

## Ajax engineers invade main campus

September 1947

Classes in the Engineering Department are operating on a 12-hour basis this fall to cope with the arrival of over 1,000 third-year students from their temporary campus at Ajax, near Oshawa. Having taken their first two years of study in the Ajax shell-filling plant that the University leased from the Crown in 1945, the huge contingent of Engineers, most of them veterans, has moved to the main campus where the Faculty's laboratories are more suited to work at the third-year level.

Dean C.R. Young has announced that classes will run from 8 a.m. until 8 p.m. for the 1947-48 academic year in order to make use of every available inch of space. The extended hours are the result of the inability of any building program, no matter how carefully planned, to keep pace with the unprecedented growth of the University over the past two years, as returning war vets have swarmed to take advantage of the special educational opportunities being offered them by the government.

This year there are close to 4,300 students enrolled in Engineering, as compared to fewer than 1,000 before the war. It is hoped that two new Engineering buildings, the Walberg Memorial Building and the Mechanical Building will be completed in time for the beginning of the 1949 academic year.

Alberta at Edmonton is quoted as saying: "I don't see much hope for immediate improvement of educational conditions in Ontario, although there is one redeeming factor. The people are not satisfied, although they don't know what they actually want to put in place of the present educational system."

She urged her listeners to reform the educational system and recommended they start an experimental school. "But do not permit those attending this experimental school to have access to present text books," she continued. "If necessary, burn them up."

## Five runners vanish in 167-mile marathon

October 18, 1958

In spite of warnings from the Ontario Provincial Police, and the threat of a \$100,000 lawsuit should anyone be hurt, the Queen's University Alma Mater Society went ahead today with what is being called the biggest stunt in Canadian football.

Notwithstanding an almost constant downpour, 100 Queen's men ran a relay from Kingston to Toronto to boost the morale of the university's football team, the Golden Gaels, in their battle against the Varsity Blues. The marathon featured rare, police escorts, a kidnapping attempt, and five lost participants, before the last runner arrived at Varsity Stadium bearing a torch and a replica of the ball used in the first Toronto-Queen's contest in 1924.

U of T student council president Vince Kelly then officially opened the Homecoming game by kicking off the replica ball, which had been presented to him moments earlier by Boo-Hoo, a giant Alaskan bear that is the Gaels' mascot.

Unfortunately for Queen's, their 167-mile run was for naught, as the Blues triumphed 44-0 to gain their fourth consecutive win of the season, sparked by the strong running of Tim Red (108 yards) and Peter Joyce (80 yards) and a potent aerial attack co-directed by quarterback Larry Joynt and Peter Aston.

Queen's supporters, reluctant to leave the game empty-handed, made their exit bearing with them the stadium's north goal posts.



## U of T Senate, 122 years old, meets for last time

May 12, 1972

Like most Canadian universities, U of T has long been governed by both a Senate and a Board of Governors, the first seeing to academic matters and the second to financial ones. This system has endured for 122 years, but today, with the final meeting of the 200-member Senate, it is at an end.

In its place will be the first unicameral government of any university in Ontario. Called the Governing Council, the new body is a creation of the Provincial Government and will consist of 50 members, comprising two appointed by the President

from among the officers of the University, 16 appointed by the Government, none of whom are to be students or staff members; 12 elected by the teaching staff from among their own number; eight students - four undergraduates, two graduate students and two part-time undergraduates; two elected by the administrative staff; and eight alumni elected by their fellow alumni. The President and the Chancellor are ex officio members.

The composition of the Council has been a matter of contention ever since 1968, when President Claude Bissell set up a commission of Board members, professors

and students to study University governance. Among students, parity representation with the faculty was always one of the most important considerations, though the concept did not endear itself to many members of the teaching staff, who, for their own part, thought they deserved parity, at least, with government appointees.

How well this unique and untried experiment will work, of course, remains to be demonstrated. Other universities across the country will be watching with considerable interest, as will the staff, students and alumni of the University of Toronto itself.



# Kings and cabbages

by Robertson Davies



Illustration by Isaac Bickerstaff

Robertson Davies, well known novelist and playwright, is the Master of Massey College, University of Toronto.

Did I really see Robert Finch as Dr. Faust, and Dixon Wagner as Mephistopheles in the Hart House production of *Faust* in 1932? No: I know I didn't, though memories of it rise to haunt me; but these memories are of the photographs of the players that were displayed in the foyer, which I saw on other occasions. What I learned from the photographs was enlarged by the gossip of E.V. Reynolds, who was at that time a schoolmaster at Upper Canada College, and regaled the boys in his Drama Club with stories of the Hart House wonders; he knew about the *Faust* production because he played both Valentine and a Witch.

The problem of being a lifelong theatre-goer is that as time passes one becomes convinced that one saw things that, when one examines the evidence, one certainly did not see. Robert Finch was a legend at that time, as he is very much a legend still; his remarkable learning, and the grace with which he wore it, made him an awesome figure to the young. As for Dixon Wagner, he was Mephistophelean, in the actor's phrase, "on and off". He was, I believe, a banker, but better known as the Precentor at St. Mary Magdalene's when that church enjoyed a special reputation in Toronto; it was the local hotbed of Anglo-Catholicism, and nobody

was so vigorously – not to say obstreperously – Anglo-Catholic as Dicky Wagner. He invariably raised his hat to nuns whom he did not know when he met them in the street, and he raised it and crossed himself when passing any church which might have the Sacrament on the altar. But about this devotion there was an air of style, or positive enjoyment of religion, which in the Toronto of the day was unquestionably Mephistophelean. Finch the polymath as Faust: Wagner the demonic as Mephisto. It was type-casting of the sort characteristic of Hart House Theatre at that time.

We young theatre goers knew the leaders among the Hart House players, and what we might expect from them. Was there a fat man in the cast – a Toby Belch in *Twelfth Night* or an impostor pretending to be a friend of the Prince Regent in *Pomander Walk*? If fatness were required, who but H.E. Hitchman would provide it? He possessed not merely fat, but unction, and he was fertile of "comic business". In this quality of comic invention he was a worthy partner of Frank Rostance, who was much admired as Malvolio. When I see modern Malvolios, who suggest with great subtlety that the vain Steward is a victim of social discrimination, or of being an unwanted child, or of suffering from an unrequited love for Olivia, I think of Rostance, whose simple belief was that Malvolio was meant to be a pompous ass, and played him that way, to our huge delight. Did the play require a witty valet, as in *The Barber of Seville*, or somebody handsome and light on his feet who might act as the "raisonneur" in a "problem play"? If so we should have been outraged if anybody had played it by F.J. Mallett, another master at Upper Canada, known to the boys as Freddy (not to his face, for he was as astringent as the chemicals in his lab.) and to the ladies as "handsome Captain Mallett" who was married to that delightful leading lady, Jane Mallett.

If the play called for a leading lady with more weight of personality – what is now called "clout" – than Jane Mallett, Lorna McLean was the obvious choice; I saw her once as the Snow Queen, and she made it very clear that there would be no nonsense in fairyland while she was in charge. If gaminerie should be needed, Elaine Wodson was the choice. Her father was theatre critic for the *Telegram*. She had great charm and beautiful legs; I don't know if Shakespeare wanted Puck to have fine legs, but that was certainly what he got when she played that part in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. I had a friend who schemed like a Metternich to get a part in *The Snow Queen* in which he would be ridden about the stage piggy-back by Elaine Wodson; we didn't call that kinkiness in those days – we called it love.

Hart House Theatre did very well with fantasy and spectacular plays – better, it seemed to me than with the plays by Galsworthy and Shaw. *The Wizard of Oz* was memorable; Freddy Mallett was the Scarecrow, and much funnier than those of us who saw him in the classroom expected. *Alice in Wonderland*, directed by Carroll Aikins, was a success, and two parts, *Twelfth Night* and the *Mock Turtle*, were played by Randolph Crowe; on the stage he frequently appeared in such grotesque roles, but off the stage he was dashing and handsome, and sang in a fine baritone voice. He wore a sweeping black hat; black hats were a mark of several Hart House actors, and gave them a Bohemian air.

How handsome some of them were! It is not the fashion nowadays for actors to be handsome; the more miserable and scruffy they look, the more "sincere" they are deemed to be. But in the Hart House era of which I speak, several of the men who played leading roles were notably handsome: one was Kerby Hawkes, others Tremain Garstang, another Ramsay Duff (chiefly associated with *themusic*), and of course the handsome Captain Mallett. There hung in the foyer a photograph of Kerby Hawkes in, I believe, *Turandot*, and it was in the best sense a period piece – a splendidly handsome actor romantically posed, and photographed in the soft-focus manner of the 'twenties; in my recollection, it sums up all that was exciting about that theatre at that time.

Because it was exciting. It was thrilling to make one's way down through the tunnel to the foyer which was, even when I began to visit the ten-years-old theatre, "modern" in design and feeling. The auditorium was exciting because apart from Hart House our experience of theatres was in the Victorian and Edwardian playhouses of Toronto, admirable in themselves, but not in the new fashion. The combination of plaster and beautifully worked, splendidly finished wood was modern, and there was about the whole building a sense of dedication to the art of the theatre as it was understood on this continent in the 'twenties. We had

not come to see a coarse "show"; no, indeed, we expected "drama", in which our imaginations would be involved, and in which there would be a great deal of that "painting with light" that was talked about in the artistic theatrical magazines of the time.

Our imaginations were involved because there was very little scenery, and downtown we were used to productions in which there was a full setting, with wings, raking-pieces and often a ceiling for every change of place. Not at Hart House. Curtains were the modern thing, and we all knew, from reading *Theatre Arts* magazine, that miracles could be wrought with curtains that were outside the power of scene-painting to achieve. And as for lighting, its task was to reflect with utmost subtlety the mood of every scene. Sometimes this meant that the stage was rather dark, and sometimes it meant that the changes of lighting were rather restless, but we loved it. Sometimes the effects were of striking beauty; sometimes they were merely eccentric. This has always been the way in the theatre. Hart House stage was small, but it had little runways on either side of the stage that came forward and gave access to two quaint pulpits on either side of the proscenium; they were very useful in *Alice in Wonderland* and in *The Chester Mysteries*. It was an experimental theatre, and its experimentation was truly imaginative, rarely capricious. We in the audience were conscious of how lucky we were to have such a playhouse, for everything about it possessed distinction of taste. Nothing the Massey Foundation ever built was cheaply done, and the distinction of Hart House Theatre persists today, when it has long since ceased to be "modern". Indeed, it has become a fine "period" piece and should be cherished for its architecture as well as its history.

There were usually eight productions a season, and as a schoolboy I could not expect to see them all, for Toronto had several theatres, and I had only one Saturday afternoon in each week. But I saw a good many of them, and look back on the plays, and the players, with affection. Toronto was not a city of advanced taste at that time. We thought Shaw daring, and Galsworthy profound, and for lighter diversion we did not hold up our noses at Louis N. Parker.

There were excellent players whom I saw often, and have not yet mentioned. Nor will it be possible in such an article as this to name them all. But it would be ungrateful to forget Ivor Lewis, who would have been called, I suppose, a "character actor". Certainly he had a fine hand with makeup, and as old Jacob Twisden in Galsworthy's *Loyalties* he presented a fascinatingly Dickensian figure, and in his scene with H.E. Hitchman, who played the grocer Gilman, they produced an effect which has almost vanished from the theatre today, for it was truly theatrical, truly artistic, but in no sense realistic; they were not like any real people one had ever seen, but they were like the inner reality of hundreds of people one knew. It was in *Loyalties* by the way, that Robert Finch played the role of the wronged Jew, Ferdie DeLeavis, so tellingly that after one performance he was rapturously embraced by a lady who cried, "You must be – you must be one of us!"

The finest performance I ever saw given by Ivor Lewis was as Captain Boyle in *Juno and the Paycock* which was, when Hart House played it in 1929, only five years old, and we felt that a new genius had made himself known among us.

It is easy to recall plays one saw in the past as exceptional in presentation and acting, but I do not think I am wrong in saying that the general standard in Hart House was high, and a salutary counterbalance to the professional companies we saw performing commercial plays downtown. I remember one production, however, which was not by the senior players but by the undergraduates of University College, that was of a barbarous ineptitude. It was *The Way of the World*, played with merciless deliberation; if memory does not betray me it was at a quarter-past six that the maline audience made its escape. Why mention it? Because it had a cast that included several names that later gained distinction. Andrew Allan was it, and Murray Bonnycastle, and Victor Lange (another of Hart House's handsome leading men) and Stanley Ryerson, who was to become Canada's first Marxist historian; he played the villain, Mr. Fainall, and rarely can Fainall have been so unremittably villainous.

Hart House Theatre has had several periods of splendour. One was in its earliest days, another was the period I have been describing, and a third was just after the Second World War. Doubtless there have been others, and it is doing fine work right now. But it was in the period of the latest 'twenties and earliest 'thirties when I first encountered it, and I may be forgiven for attributing to that era the special admiration which has its origin in affection.



# Alien Trinity

by Douglas Marshall

In the late summer of 1956 (forgive the Hemingway opening but Papa was big that year, along with smuggling copies of *Tropic of Capricorn*), I climbed aboard a boat train in London's asphaltic Euston Station to begin the journey back to the land and University of my fathers. Seven years at an English public school had left me with three "A" Levels, a mid-Atlantic accent, aspirations toward journalism, and a historical view of life that oscillated between Kipling and *The Goon Show*. A couple of school friends, pausing on their way to Oxbridge, had joined my family to see me off to the colonies. "And don't get captured by Red Indians," one shouted as the whistle blew. "I'll fend the beggars off with photographs of Queen Victoria," I yelled back in a fair imitation of Peter Sellers doing Major Lanza with a brush cut. Ho, ho, ho.

The campus I arrived at held few surprises. It was much as my parents, uncles, and grandfather had described it. The tumult and excitement generated by the veterans in the immediate post-war years had died down. A comfortable and reassuring conformity had returned to college cloisters and common rooms. The bright students measured out their learning in T.S. Eliot quips and the daring ones whispered lines by somebody called Layton, who revelled in lathery thighs and public exposure:

*I went behind a bush to piss;  
Imagine Wordsworth doing this.*

The fraternities still dominated undergraduate social life and Goren was the convention that counted everywhere. Hart House remained a secure male fortress under the custody of jockular Joe McCulley. The ancestral feud between Medsmen and Skulemen flourished happily. POT was just a muscular faculty and the prevailing morality could be gauged by the humiliation heaped on *Varsity* co-editor Wendy Michener a few months earlier when she wrote an editorial about the reality of menstruation. Above us beamed the white-haired father-figure of President Sidney Smith ("Try to do the very best work you can," was his message to freshmen that year). Above him, wise old Uncle Louis guided the ship of state. And above him, defending the West in the permanent Cold War we called peace, stood Old Diplomat Eden and Old Soldier Ike. How sound was our sleep that September.

At Simcoe Hall I found I had been enrolled in the second year of the honours Philosophy and English course. Why philosophy, of which I knew next to nothing? "Philosophy will train you to think." I accepted that wisdom without further question. It proved to be remarkably accurate; I never did get the hang of philosophy but my attempts to bluff my way through it set me furiously to thinking. Then I approached Trinity, which welcomed me as one of its own. And finally I joined *The Varsity*, where I distinguished myself with my first news story by quoting "Trinity Dean Wyatt Earp". Somehow the story slipped past managing editor Mike Cassidy and editor Peter J. (for what? I now wonder) Gzowski and wound up on the front page. American history had not been part of my British curriculum and nobody at Trinity had explained to me that "Wyatt" was simply A.J. Earp's nickname. In the apology we printed the next day, "Hopalong" Cassidy graciously took most of the blame.

After a month of my late nights at *The Varsity*, my aged grandmother, with whom I was boarding, decided she would live longer if the University took over the role of in loco parentis. Moreover, she would gladly pay the residence fees. So I knocked on Dean Earp's door in some trepidation. He was polite but cool; evidently the "Wyatt" still rankled. (I had not yet come to terms with the almost automatic suspicion and hostility my chosen profession engenders among the public at large.) Yes, there was a vacancy: I could share a room in the Angel's Roost (a remote attic of that gothic pile) with Guy Spittal, a most congenial fellow with considerable academic promise. Perhaps I should go away and introduce myself to him. "By the way," said Wyatt Earp, "Mr. Spittal is Indian. I trust you won't mind."

"Not at all," I said, backing out and closing the door. Too late the question occurred to me: Was Mr. Spittal West or East Indian?

I spent the next two days timidly introducing myself to every black- and brown-skinned student in the college - and

there were a surprising number of them, for Trinity took its Commonwealth relations seriously. Unfortunately, none was Spittal. He had always just left the room. Eventually, acting on a tip and armed with Mike Cassidy's ID (which asserted I was born in American Samoa), I tracked my quarry down to the Park Plaza's gloomy King Cole Room, where he was morosely nursing a 10-cent draught. In the half light he looked like a young Mario Lanza with a brush cut.

"Call me Kaiagekshkung," he growled, "It means 'Going Forever' in Iroquois, white man, and don't you forget it."

Guy Spittal had been born in Windsor, Ont., but his Ojibwa relations originally came from Bear Island. He had lately been adopted into the Cayugan tribe at the Six Nations Reserve near Brantford and now considered himself a full-blooded Cayugan. He had achieved brilliant marks in high school, had enrolled in anthropology, and was determined to become the first Cayugan to gain a Ph.D. His goal was to do pioneer field work that would help restore the eroding Iroquois culture to its proper place in North American society.

Our L-shaped in the Angel's Roost, reached by climbing four flights of stairs, negotiating a tortured passage through the roof beams, and then going down one flight, was a study in comparative anthropology. My alcove was graced with a solitary Nicholson print of Kipling. Guy's was a truncated long house, festooned with beads, carvings, blankets, feathers, furs, tasselled buckskin coats, learing masks, an elaborate buffalo-horn headdress, and a mysterious blood-soaked bundle of rags that contained something too sacred to name. Throughout the fall, as we talked ourselves to sleep in the darkness, I was given a crash course in native history and began to fathom the depth of Indian resentment. I learned about the old wars, the broken treaties, the lost lands, and the avenging Windigo, and I shivered with shame for my forefathers.

By November, however, it was clear that a cultural trauma was pulling Guy apart. At my suggestion, *The Varsity's* Cathie Breslin had written a profile of him. The feature was accompanied by a photograph of Guy in full regalia. He became something of a campus celebrity for a week or so. The publicity turned his head. He saw himself less and less as Guy Spittal, Trinity worm and anthropology student, and more and more as the noble Kaiagekshkung, ordained founder and leader of what would be a decade or so later become the Red Power movement. Trinity, with its gowns and divines and WASPish ways, its revered Cecil Rhodes room and Family Compact smugness, increasingly became the symbol of domineering white arrogance for him. And he, for his part, was beginning to pall on normally tolerant Trinity. A colourful eccentric was one thing, a radical-minded Redskin given to haranguing the scions of Ontario's Anglican Establishment as the descendants of profligate exploiters, and land thieves was quite another.

Relations between Spittal and the college deteriorated rapidly. Guy went into a spiritual retreat, cutting classes and spending much of the week down on the Six Nations Reserve. The climax came one Monday evening early in December.

Rushing into Trinity late for dinner and ravenous, I detected the odour of some exotic roast of meat. "Good Lord,



they must be serving venison," I thought. But I lacked my gown, so I headed away from the dining hall and up the stairs to the Angel's Roost. Strangely, the odour grew more pungent and less appetizing as I ascended. Entering our room, I was confronted with an extraordinary sight. There stood Spittal, naked except for jockey shorts and headdress, at the window-sill in my alcove enveloped in clouds of greasy, yellow, foul-smelling steam. In front of him was a bubbling, galvanized pail on an electric hot plate and in it was the huge paw of a recently dead black bear. Muttering the appropriate Ojibwa chant, my room mate Kaiagekashkung was methodically rendering down the paw to obtain the precious bones and claws. Normally this process would be accomplished by prolonged burial, he explained, but time was of the essence.

There were 13 other freshmen resident in the Angel's Roost complex that fall and every single one of us had to invest in expensive dry-cleaning or buy new clothes. I still have a tattered old red sweater that exudes occasional nostalgic whiffs of that episode. A protest meeting was organized and a delegation appointed to reason with Spittal. He was adamantly unapologetic, arguing he was well within his rites. If he had to adjust to our ways, we could adjust to his. So the delegation trooped off to see the Dean. In due course a notice was circulated calling attention to the College rule forbidding cooking in residence rooms.

Guy hung around for another week and then packed his trappings and pride in a small trunk and took off for good. We

had a farewell drink, promising to meet again in Palmer's in precisely 10 years time. We didn't. The last I heard he had married an Ojibwa girl and was running a souvenir store on the reserve. So, abruptly and sadly, ended the academic career of the man who should have become the Cayuga tribe's first Ph.D. and one of Canada's leading field anthropologists. Perhaps he is happier selling knick-knacks to pale-faced tourists, but somehow I doubt it.

In retrospect it is obvious that Kaiagekashkung and the University of Toronto came together about four years too soon. The numbing conformity and narrow elitism that refused to accommodate misfits were already crumbling away. Suez and the Hungarian Revolution happened that fall. In November the University had taken the epochal step of expropriating 26 acres west of St. George. By 1957, Smith had gone and so had Uncle Louis and Eden. In 1958 the University had a new president in Claude Bissell, whose advice to freshmen was to be "angular". And in the spring of 1959 Trinity was in a minor uproar again about an other departure. This time it was Dr. Bruno Morawetz, a much respected professor of ethics, who was quitting because: "Our educational system has sold its soul in the open market and prostituted its principles."

That was one of the opening shots for the far-reaching revolution of the sixties. Had Guy Spittal walked onto the campus in full regalia in 1960, he would not have been dismissed as an amusing oddity. He would probably have been cheered as a liberating hero.



## in-no-va-tion

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# Oh the dear good days...

I recall a glorious, if chaotic, academic feast in the spring of '48 given by Principal Mossie May Waddington Kirkwood of St. Hilda's College and her revered husband, Trinity's retired Professor of Classics ("Buffalo Bill" to students). I was invited because I had had the good fortune to become engaged to the Head of College, Elizabeth Sawyer, the week before.

Mossie was then, as she is now at 86, one of my heroines. She started teaching English for Professor Alexander about 1918 and insisted on continuing, much to the confusion of University custom and etiquette, even after her marriage to Professor Kirkwood. Worse, she decided to remain Dean of Women (first at U.C. and then Trinity) while bringing up three children. For four decades she brought such friends as Bliss Carman, Arthur Lismer and Frank Underhill to visit her college family.

The dinner party in '48 was in her long tradition, as she put it, of "promoting inter course between undergraduates and members of the faculty." I'll never forget: Professor Ashley's wry sad smile as we prepared to enter the dining room and his sotto voce reminder that "one has to keep a grip on oneself"; Frank Underhill's shiny dome just peeping over the top of a bridge table at plate level as he attempted, from his deep armchair, to eat and converse with a long-legged undergraduate perched high above him on a piano stool at the same table; Mossie's sudden dramatic exclamation, long after we had sat down and switched tables in the first grand chain all, "O Bill we forgot the Fryer!", at which point Northrop and Helen Frye entered and he was squeezed next to an old British Colonial officer of strongly imperial persuasion, with Mossie's remark that they both knew her dear friend, an African missionary. And Mossie blithely summoning her daughter to put music on the Victrola ("Mother it hasn't been working for years"), while Professor Kirkwood continued his hostily refrain "Ashley (or Fryer or Underhill!) Have more pudding!"

Oh the dear good days, oh kind and lovely people...

William Kilbourne  
Trinity 478

Everybody remembers where he was when he heard the news that John Kennedy had been shot, but what I remember most about that Friday, November 22, 1963 was a student demonstration at Queen's Park that was all but obliterated in the public's mind by the spectacular media coverage of the assassination. It was a "March for Canada", staged on the eve of a federal provincial fiscal conference to show our concern that the future of the country depended on a sympathetic recognition of "le fait Canadien français", especially by the Ontario Government. It had been prompted by several weeks of lectures, articles in *The Varsity* and public discussions about the dynamic cultural revival in Quebec.

It was a raw misty morning, but nothing could dampen our spirits as more than 3,000 out of a full-time student body of 15,000 swarmed over the flag-pole hill in front of Hart House in preparation for the solemn march to the legislature. When we got there, SAC president Doug Ward

voiced our concerns and Premier Roberts came out to make an encouraging reply. It was hard not to feel a solidarity with the excitement of what was happening in Quebec and a sense of making history. I almost cartwheelled back to the campus.

It was just as I leaned my placard up against the SAC building that someone shouted Kennedy had been shot in Dallas. I didn't believe it.

Bruce Kidd  
U.C. 675

Fifty years ago I arrived by train from Ottawa to register at Trinity College, having never spent a night in Toronto before. I soon became aware of the fact that there was a large body of water at the foot of Yonge Street, and remarked to another freshman that it must be one of the Great Lakes, and asked if he knew which one it was. He being a Torontonian, I never convinced him that I was serious. I really didn't know. For 50 years I have wondered whether this says more for the parochialism of Ottawa or the self-satisfaction of Toronto.

J. Tuzo Wilson  
Physics and Geology 370

I was honoured when I was invited to meet the Dean in the spring of Grade 13 for a first hand explanation of what forestry really was. Looking through the calendar in his office I questioned why no residence for women was listed. The reply that there were no women explained my Saturday morning interview.

If you've never met a prankster, you've never met a forester. Pranks were the rule of the day, not the exception. Pickled salamanders down my back, my shoes under the professor's podium, purse up in the light fixtures (that was in the days before pants or jeans were in vogue for women) - a never ending list. One day when my temper was attacked to a short fuse, a fellow student asked whether it was better to be teased or ignored. I realized the poignancy of the question and then appreciated how lucky I was to have the classmates I had.

Rose Marie Rauter  
Forestry 675



The year the Blues finally beat the Mustangs it was not without the help of the most enthusiastic Blues cheering section ever seen in the history of Varsity Stadium up to and including today. As part of a parcel of the hype some of us manufactured instant pep rallies out of almost thin air. For example, we broadcast one rally all over Ontario on a network put together on the day of the rally; then we began to

worry about attendance and decided to print a leaflet for noon-hour distribution.

One of us, maybe it was Joe Potts or Norman Jewison [I often wonder whatever happened to Norman Jewison], or maybe even me, got the idea of distributing the leaflets by dropping them from an aeroplane. We sold the back of the leaflet to Coles Book Store in order to pay for the aeroplane. Because the whole thing was put together in a few hours, we were intensely proud of ourselves, until an unopened packet of leaflets came plummeting down onto Spadina Avenue, damn near killing an old lady. To make matters worse, when we burned a Western football player in effigy the straw disappeared instantly, leaving a burning cross which the Globe and Mail chose to carry on its front page the next morning.

The administration, which at the time had no sense of humour, took a surprisingly dim view of these activities. But Varsity won the football game.

Keith Davey  
Vic 479

The Crescent Grill. You wouldn't find it in the University Handbook among the list of fraternities on St. George Street, nor the religious colleges on campus. Indeed you wouldn't find it on University lands at all, but a couple of doors down from the south-west corner of Spadina and College. With the musical "Gyps and Dolls", Damon Runyon was giving a revival in the early Fifties, and to us the Crescent Grill, and its characters, seemed, through an accident of time, to have come straight from "The Snatching of Bookie Bob". Among its other dissimilarities from Winston's or the Imperial Room at the Royal York, the Crescent was not large: maybe 25 feet of frontage and about 15 feet deep. An open kitchen against the back wall, a counter and stools and 3 or 4 tables along the plate-glass window.

And above all, what must have been the most heavily patronized pay telephone in the city of Toronto. I don't want to hurt Meyer and George and the rest who used to serve up the salami and eggs, weiners and beans, or (to the more sophisticated palate) Joe on a bagel, but it was the telephone as much as the food which brought the characters there. Or we believed that anyway. We thought it was a direct line to Nick the Greek.

We patronized it late at night after a party or after sleeping in on the week-end, but at any hour of the day or night, depending on the season, you could get an accurate quote of the odds on the hockey game, the fourth race at Woodbine, or whether Marilyn Bell would make it across Lake Ontario. Big money never passed hands at the Grill itself but there were as many complicated and serious financial transactions going on around us as at the bond desk of a Bay Street brokerage house.

In mid February somebody would blow in with a deep Florida tan talking about Hialeah, or from Montreal following the Canadiens to town. Meyer was the author of the open kitchen. Like a linguistic Bobby Fischer he would keep tabs on, and intervene in, half dozen conversations at the same time. And often, with back to the audience, over the hiss of frying eggs he would interrupt, correcting the odds, or



commenting on a right winger, or the likelihood that a certain party (in Runyon's meaning) would pay off, turning to face the group at the final sentence just for emphasis.

If Meyer was the big centre man in that rink, roving all over the verbal playing surface, George (about five feet tall with a brush-cut) was the wing man in the corner, hassling people to give their orders, or to get off the stools to make way for fresh customers standing in the doorway.

Last time I drove past, the place looked closed: no crowd, no salami and eggs, no Meyer, no telephone. Did some overzealous Crown Attorney kill a unique educational institution? Where now at the U of T can you follow that course of studies, stressing mathematics (particularly the calculation of odds), geography (with special reference to the race tracks and major league cities) and language arts (the vernacular in the English language)?

Donald S. MacDonald  
Trinity ST2

In 1931 I attended the dedication of the Banting Institute. Sir Berkeley Moynihan addressed a meeting held in Convocation Hall to mark the occasion. He said that there were several kinds of memorials: some were of stone, or of marble, but Banting's memorial was in the hearts of patients whose lives had been saved. Who can deny, said Sir Berkeley, that Banting indeed wears a crown of immortality? I was a beginning graduate student and these eloquent words deeply impressed me not only because of the great role of insulin in medicine, but because its discovery showed what could be achieved by science. Banting's research budget in the fateful summer of 1921 had been \$100.

Thomas H. Jukes  
Med 370

In the Thirties most undergraduates gathered in the Great Hall at Hart House not only to replenish our energy but to review and discuss the events of the day. We sat at long oak tables with benches along each side. Meal tickets, which entitled you to a full course meal, cost 25 cents. As soon as the table was filled with twelve students a waitress brought the huge silver tureen of soup, usually pea or vegetable. The luckless man on the end was always responsible for ladling out the soup, so by custom his place was the last to be filled.

The second course, also served in large, silver tureens, was usually beans and weiners, or macaroni and casseroles, or something else equally plain, low cost and nutritious. The flavour was enhanced by the addition of plenty of ketchup and the meal was livened by such bantering remarks as "pass the blood".

In 1963, at the Triennial celebrations of the class of 375, we re-enacted such a luncheon. Hart House did itself proud by resurrecting benches, jugs and tureens, and beans and weiners. Ironically, the same two-bit meal cost \$1.50. So much for inflation.

Roy F. Gross  
Engineering 271



There was only one appropriate adjective for the main staircase at 273 Bloor Street West - venerable - and the stairs are what chiefly remember from that academic year of 1947-48, when I was a graduate student in political economy. They had a friendly creak and groan as one trudged up to Harold Innis's seminar on the third floor. And they had a comforting spring to them as the seminar descended two floors later, to head across the street to a familiar watering place where discussion and education could continue. I never thought of the stairway's familiar noises as suggesting any structural weakness; they were part of the personality of the building - a building which that year, to the immigrant student from Scotland, was a place to learn about Canada and Canadians.

Musicians hang out there now, and more melodious sounds than creaking stairs delight the ear. Most social sciences inhabit new and more functional structure, the Sidney Smith building, where elevators may creak but stairs never do. I have no doubt that education proceeds very efficiently there; indeed, I have been there myself and helped the process along somewhat. But I find it hard to believe that any graduate student of today, when in later years he indulges in nostalgia, will wax sentimental about that building. Concrete and stainless steel don't encourage sentiment as old brick and creaking stairways do.

Hugh G.J. Aitken  
Graduate Studies 478

The mind teems. Performing T.S. Eliot's *Sweeney Agonistes* at the U.C. Women's Union, swigging real scotch instead of the "prop" stuff, and afterwards maintaining a precarious decorum while being congratulated by Miss Ferguson, the put-upon Dean of Women. The intellectually and sartorially splendid Gilbert Newsum *on nursing, one hot spring afternoon*: "Gentlemen, if I can suffer with my waistcoat on, you can suffer with your jackets on." The eagle eye of F.H. Anderson spotting the shining female faces in the front row of his first-year Ethics class, as he intoned maliciously: "Now then... you go out and you sin, eh?" Sir William Mallock, the ancient Chancellor and a friend of my long-dead grandfather (whose name I bore), gripping my hands at Convocation for what seemed a public ceremony; when I looked up in panic to see the old man speechless from tears, he merely nodded me past without ever "admitting" me. Later someone told me he was more likely overcome by fatigue than emotion.

The incident that nearly ruined my undergraduate career, while at the same time winning me an unearned reputation for high living, occurred while I was in residence at Gate House (it was made worse by the fact that I was an interloper from U.C.). A chum with a weakness for pranks called for say he was going to a Trinity dance that night with his girlfriend (who had, as I remember, the suggestive nickname of "Tarzan"), but they were going to switch outfits, and would I please make-up and wig him like a woman. He arrived with a box containing a dress and accessories, changed in my room, and departed later looking remarkably like the real thing. The box, now containing his suit, was left with me.

At about two o'clock in the morning, the whole house was awakened by his hysterical shouts for my aid; he had been run out of the dance (after flirting, he claimed, with the redoubtable Dr. Kirkwood herself) and fled to my quarters pursued by angry Bacchantes. He changed back into men's clothing and left by the window. The following morning I was called before a sorrowing Dean of Men to explain why a woman had been seen entering my room at two in the morning and never emerging. It was only then that I realized my explanation was going to sound pretty far-fetched. I was

saved the next day by confirming evidence from St. Hilda's. "Tarzan" had been exposed when a trouserleg fell down below her skirt as she signed back in at residence.

My friend's name was Ralph Struon. He went overseas as a surgeon and was killed in the war.

Mavor Moore  
U.C. 472

In November and December of my graduating year, I spent four weeks in Australia at the British Commonwealth Games. Before I left, my classmates had a special luncheon for me, gave me a blazer and announced that, while I was away, several of them would be making carbon copies of their lecture notes - one student for each subject - so that I would have a complete set when I returned. The help and co-operation of my classmates and professors meant that I suffered very little from missing that month.

Bill Crothers  
Pharmacy 673

What I remember is those suddenly warm spring evenings in the late Fifties when you trod your winter romance for the studying-for-exams model. The palest green buds unfurling on Philosophers' Walk as we walked hand-in-hand from the Art and Arch building back to the quad at Trinity. The surprising assault of blue scyls under the lilac trees outside Flavell House seen in the clarity of passing head lights while our tummies were filled with frozen éclairs from Dania Sweets and our minds grappled with Leibniz' monads. Slumping anxiously out of Sigmund Samuel at 11 p.m., clutching an unwieldy load of books calculated to help us understand Coleridge's distinction between fancy and imagination. Lying with a cup of tea on the lawn beside St. Hilda's, trying to concentrate on *Pepys' Diary* and secretly longing to meet someone rather like Byron, "mid, hot and dangerous to know", someone different from the perpetual hand-holder and goodnight-kisser, the earnest young stockbrokers and lawyers-to-be smelling discernibly of Clearasil. My roommate wearing a KA pin and mentally staring at a future of four children and summers in Muskoka and double beds with two hundred count porcelain sheets. The parking lot behind the AD house on St. George Street where someone told me he loved me and scared me half to death. The smell of aftershave and lilacs of the valley, the silence of time stretching for reading and talking. And all the time, the waiting and the hope. And spring, always spring.

Adrienne Clarkson  
Trinity 670



In my nearly half a century of association with Victoria College and the University, I think two memories stand out, both connected with the war, and both connected also with two very great men in the English Department at Victoria who were my teachers, Ned Pratt and John Robins. Some time in 1941 or 1942, I was present in Earle Birney's apartment on Hazleton Avenue, along with Claude Bissell, Ernest

Sirluck, A.J.M. Smith and Ned Pratt. It was on that occasion that I first heard *The Truist*. This is the poem of Pratt's which I have always regarded as the finest poem that Pratt wrote, and, consequently, one of the top poems in Canadian literature. It is a statement of the destructibility of the human spirit, when threatened by the kind of menace which seems to come from the order of nature but really comes from something psychic in man himself, as embodied in Nazi Germany. I heard it at a time when I felt that the poets and intellectuals of that age were deserting the cause of humanity in droves, speaking either for some irresponsible form of leadership or for some kind of religiosity that seemed to me a sell-out. Hearing Ned read that poem restored my confidence in the poetic imagination.

Shortly after Pearl Harbour and the fall of Singapore and Hong Kong, Victoria College decided to go ahead with its annual series of public lectures, and one of them that year was a lecture on Alfred the Great, given by John Robins, whose scholarly field was Old English. The lecture very quietly told us of Alfred's overwhelming defeat at the hands of the Danes when they were invading England, of the way in which he had been driven into a narrow corner of his kingdom, and then started, step by step, fighting back to regain his country. At the same time he never once faltered in the priority that he gave to scholarship and learning, having the great works of his time translated into English and making sure that in his country, at least, it would be the "Dark Ages". All pure allegory, of course, but these two events, coming so close together, gave me a sense of how real scholars in a real university react to a major crisis. It is the feeling immortalized in the quotation from Milton's *Areopagitica* which is on the Great Hall of Hart House.

I mention these things because there is a whole generation now that does not remember the war, much less how close we were to total defeat by two of the most evil societies that the human race has ever known. Since then, I have not lived through a real crisis, only the more or less phony ones of the late Sixties. But I have never lost the sense that the university is very near the centre of the idea of human community, and that our society stands or falls with it.

Northrop Frye  
Vic 373

Initiation practices varied. At the School of Dentistry, the Soph-Frosh fight was the big event.

Our freshman class of 176 assembled at the old City Dairy building on Spadina Crescent, outfitted in the oldest of our old clothes. We armed ourselves with cans of a cosmetic concoction made of axle grease and lamp black and then marched down Huron to the Dentistry building on College Street.

The day took place in the quadrangle and the objective was to nip off as much of our adversaries' clothing as possible and to smear the faces and bodies of the Sophs with the foul unguent, as they attempted to do the same to us. The action lasted until we were winded and exhausted.

When the battle was concluded, neither side having won, we all trooped around to the front steps of the building where we posed for a photograph which recorded the results of the battle royal for posterity.

Any student who deliberately absented himself from the encounter without good reason was summarily sentenced to being manhandled under a cold shower, jolly cold.

One evening soon after, for it took several days to remove the grease from our skin and scalp, we were fêted by the sophomores at a banquet at the Walker House on Front Street and every freshman felt he had now been accepted as a full

fledged member of the University community.

This form of hazing was never sanctioned by the University authorities, and when initiations became rougher in some faculties, often resulting in injuries and property damage, the Caput outlawed the practice in favour of push-ball and other milder forms of physical prowess at Varsity Stadium.

Richard Godfrey  
Dentistry 176

I would certainly be marked as an old timer if I reminded present day students, who now use their own cars, that in the late Forties we often had to use what we called "the big red racers", the T.T.C. streetcars, in order to attend even events like formal dances at Hart House. I well recall waiting in the driver of a T.T.C. rail-car and had compassion on me and my pretty companion after a dance when freezing rain had driven cars from the road (I had just enough money for a taxi) and drove us home. Then there was the old "K.C.R." (King Cole Room) in the Park Plaza, where those of us who had the money (in my case because I gave up smoking) would be able to have one or two beers while exchanging happy, snarly or outrageous differences of opinion.

And I wonder if anyone now recalls the change that came over the University when service persons like Judy LaMarsh, Doug Fisher, etc. arrived and made it clear that we were not prepared to tolerate the childish hazing which had been in vogue. I wonder too how many recall that physical training was not compulsory for the veterans, but it was for the other students. And I wonder if the financial effort required to become a life member of the University of Toronto Library School Alumni for \$25 was ever appreciated by those who later were made life members as a matter of course.

Erin J. Spicer  
Library Science 479

A number of us at University College organized what we called the Parliamentary Club, of which I became the Speaker, and it was our custom to meet at weekly or bi-weekly intervals to discuss resolutions announced at one session for consideration at the next. The sessions were generally preceded by a convivial hour, centred around some bottles of beer, after which we went in a body to the student common room for our session. I recall two of the resolutions only because the second - announced at the time we were considering the first - never came off because of the intervention of the President Cody. We debated a resolution that "the Santa Claus myth ought not to be taught to young children", and announced that at the next session we would debate the following: "resolved that this House approves of 'companionate marriage'." Somehow news of the proposed debate got to the President's ear and in the result the debate was cancelled.

Anyone exposed to the teaching of the late Professor W.P.M. Kennedy, the head of the Department of Law, as it then was, could not but be inspired to excel. He had an extraordinary capacity for generating excitement and there was drama in the way he conducted his classes. I remember particularly the morning of March 4, 1933 when President Franklin D. Roosevelt closed the banks in the United States. Prof. Kennedy came into our class in Comparative Constitutional Law, stood in front of us and said, "Gentlemen, Roosevelt stands with Lincoln". We were some time in thawing out.

Bora Laskin  
U.C. 373

At night we St. Michael's College students would take unauthorized jaunts, first to the King Cole Room and then to Murray's Restaurant in the Plaza Hotel where you were served all the coffee you wanted for only 10 cents. I say unauthorized because in those days rules applied to St. Michael's were very rigid. I can still remember those early morning wake-ups at seven o'clock on bitter cold January days when it was still dark outside. We were being summoned to mass in the chapel at St. Basil's Church - compulsory in those days.

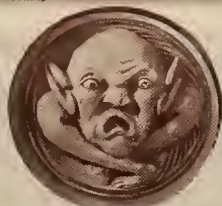
Arthur Maloney  
St. Mike's 470

I had spent a summer with a professional theatre company playing some pretty substantial leading roles. It was my first professional experience, one from which had emerged totally confident of being the Devil's gift to the English-speaking theatre. I walked into the office of Robert Gill, the splendid teacher-director of Hart House Theatre, radiantly wrapped in this mantle of sublime confidence, to read for the leading role in his next production.

Gill must have detected the faint odour of my pomposity, and promptly lashed out with one of the most brutally penetrating assessments of my overweening pride I had up to then, or have since, encountered. His anger was towering; his concern evident; his accuracy astounding; and he ended with thunder: "You have had one brief season of summer stock and already you think you are John Barrymore. You can't read for this role. I don't want you or that kind of attitude in my theatre."

He was chastening. He was humiliating. He was also right. I have forgotten neither that meeting nor him - and I was ultimately deeply grateful.

William Hutt  
Trinity 478



My favourite memory of University is the fun I had going dancing several evenings a week. As a matter of fact, I heard after graduation, and not before thank Heavens, that my friends were worried that I would lose my last year because I went dancing night after night.

The Embassy Club with its wonderful floor was a favourite. One could stay there until 12.20 a.m. and then run back to the Vic residence and get in on a 12.30 a.m. leave. The Silver Slipper arrived out of bounds. In my first year someone saw me there and reported it to the Dean of Women. Luckily for me it was exam time and there was no use gating me. But I did receive a lecture delivered more in sorrow than in anger.

It was also in my first year that I was hit by a car. It was an old jalopy that had stalled but had started up again when I was in front of it. Fortunately my coon skin coat broke my fall but the ligaments in one ankle were torn. That night was the U.C. Follies and pain or no pain I was determined to go. When my date arrived, I was dressed in evening dress but I couldn't disguise a limp. He refused to take me and eventually carried me up to my room - with the permission of the Don of the Residence. A man above the first floor in a women's residence was unheard of, so Donald McGibbon had a story to tell when he returned to Burwash Hall.

In my fourth year, while I was writing my thesis on Samuel Adams and the American Revolution, I had a weekly tutorial with Professor George Brown. As I was the only student, half of the time was spent telling Professor Brown all the wonderful things I had been doing since we met the week before, and the rest of the time we discussed the American Revolution.

Pauline M. McGibbon  
Vic 373

During the tranquil Fifties when the U of T Law School was stuffed into Baldwin House, on St. George Street near College, the reigning monarch was Dean Cecil Augustus Wright, better known to friend and foe alike as "Caesar". He was a towering Rooseveltian character, larger than life, and a committed, brilliant reformer of the law, the legal profession, and above all, legal education.

Cesar Wright was a social reformer before it was fashionable in legal circles and together with Bora Laskin, now Chief Justice of Canada, and others, he fashioned the Law School into a small and dynamic vanguard - in the process, transforming the very nature and quality of legal education in Canada.

Wright taught first year Torts and would intimidate even the most brilliant students as he belittled and snorted, time and time again, that he was less interested in what the law was than what the law should be! During my first fall term, everyone dreaded and yet was fascinated by those lectures, where Wright's powerful personality bombarded us with a potent brew of law and policy. Using his own case book as a text, he would ask penetrating questions of each student, the names selected from a class list so that none would be spared "Caesarian" scrutiny and, at times, scorn. Woe to the student who was foolish enough to come unprepared or had not given some thoughtful consideration to the inscrutable policy issues buried deep in the facts of each case.

I quickly decided that my place in that class was huddled at the back to avoid both Wright's gaze and the opportunity to make a fool of myself in front of a class of much smarter big city boys, and when he first called my name, I was so nervous that I slouched deep in my seat and almost indelicately mumbled, "Not present!"

Several weeks went by and again he called my name, and again to the smirks of those around me, I responded, "Not present!" When some weeks passed by and for the third time he called my name, I still had not summoned up enough courage to respond. Wright looked up, raised his eyebrows at the class collectively murmured and shrugged, and continued his lecture.

From that moment, some of my classmates decided it was time to devise a technique whereby I would be forced to finally face Wright in the classroom. He used to drive a big, black, Olds 88, which he would park behind Baldwin House. One day before class, I returned to my customary seat at the back of the room to find that all my books and papers had been gathered up while I was at lunch and put on the front seat of the Olds - and all the doors locked.

The class shuffled and coughed still to attention when Wright burst into the classroom. With the ninth sense of the academic, he knew at once that something was up. He was about to launch into his lecture when his gaze caught my hunched-over body, hands stuffed deep into my pockets, capped by my bright red face, waiting for him near his desk. In a different voice, in the now-still classroom, I stammered, "Sir?"

"Well, well," said Wright. "It's Grafstein, isn't it?"

"Yes Sir," I said.

"Well, what is it?" he grumbled.

"Sir," I said, "could I borrow the keys to your car?"

Wright's bright eyes flashed and a smile flickered for an instant as he caught the meaning of the moment.

"Sure," he said. "Here, here are the keys. And take the afternoon off!" Reaching into his pocket, he tossed me the keys, turned and commenced his lecture. The class was silent in amazement. I turned to the agitators, then stalked proudly out of the classroom, casually jangling the car keys in my hand.

Jerry S. Grafstein  
Law 578



My introduction to problem solving and self-directed learning was provided by Professor John Satterly in his physics course. He always loaded our first-year class with difficult problems on Friday and gave us the weekend to solve them. Monday morning a group always met to pool the knowledge acquired during the weekend, and we usually found we had solved 80 per cent of the problems assigned.

Prof. Satterly carried this philosophy through to the final examination: we were allowed to take most of our books with us. Despite this help, most of us had trouble getting a passing grade.

Although many will tell you that the undergraduate medical program at McMaster University is impossibly close to the examination will show that it is not too different in principle from the philosophy used by John Satterly, and by many other good university teachers.

J.F. Mustard  
Meds 573

In the autumn of 1951 was one of nineteen able-bodied freshmen in residence at Trinity College, which at that time was situated in a well-treed park on Queen Street West. In those days, as in these, life-learning was a supplement to book-learning, and the hazing of freshmen was part of one's initiation to academic life.

Among other ordeals designed to cow the brash, I remember crawling along wet pavement through a dark tunnel of chairs covered by discarded tarpaulins. At the end of the passage I was bade to lie my head. As I did so, the lid of a toilet seat fell back and, thus suitably framed, I faced a laughing gallery of senior students and their guests. As their uproarious greeting subsided, a pall of water was dashed on my head. Since then, whenever I have felt like a silly sap, that picture-framing experience has helped me to face the world without embarrassment. Any scar left behind on my conceit has proved most beneficial. When others have paraded their pomposity or pretence, I have been both comfortable and content to follow along behind in a rank at the rear where, free from inflated ideas, one can observe the comedy of human misdeeds.

Bert C. Diltz  
Trinity 117

For me it was a time of power, poetry and poker - that class of '49. I was enrolled in an Arts course where philosophers danced through my head like aspen plume fanatics, but what made those years memorable was what happened before, between

and after classes. I don't think I have worked as hard since.

Those of us who had been too young to lose seemed surrounded by the more worldly "vets" who had come back to school from the war and who kept telling us we knew nothing about life. Most of these discussions took place at The Varsity, where I was features editor. The setting was a non-stop poker game usually presided over by Norman DePoe, later to distinguish himself at the CBC. The editor was Mark Harrison who went on to the Toronto Star.

Then there was the U.C. Follies. As Social Director of the College it was my responsibility to produce the show. Pat Watson was one of our male dancers. The warning - co-eds could not wear skirts too short in the chorus line. The theatre was alive at Hart House with the stoic Davis clan, Kate Reid, a natural from the beginning, and Charm King, my first Saint Joan.

Harry Rasky  
U.C. 479

It was spring 1969. Clark Kerr, the president of Berkeley during its time of student troubles, the liberal technocrat who specialized in industrial relations, was to speak before an audience of educationalists at the Royal Ontario Museum on "The University Crisis".

We helped to advertise the event with posters announcing that Clark Kerr would debate the ghost of Mario Savio. Our planned contestation was mild: a guerrilla theatre play of the incident at Berkeley where Savio was dragged out of the Greek Theatre stage by campus police to prevent his denunciation of a Kerr compromise solution to the Free Speech conflict. The intention was to expose Kerr's historical role and set the stage for debate.

Unfortunately, R.O.M. security had no previous experience of guerrilla theatre and took the theatrical disruption for riot. Their attempt to drag off the unscheduled performers created pandemonium in the hall. Reason, however, prevailed: student government to the rescue. I was given 15 minutes to speak for the radicals, and Kerr 15 minutes for the system. Kerr simply finished his speech. I gave an explanatory polemic which focused on the indignity of an American administrator coming North to advise the colonies on how to handle their natives.

Looking back, the real irony was that the main substance of Kerr's speech, monochromatic and barely audible, of course, was an analysis of the economic crisis that North American universities would face in the 1970s: unemployable graduates and a pressing need to "rationalize the system" of over-expanded higher education institutions.

Welcome to the present!

Andy Wernick  
Graduate Studies 678

In 1946, for one or more of my various sins, I inherited the responsibility of producing the 26th annual performance of "Dentistics". One of the skills required a casket from which Don Harry would arise, in all his long john glory, to give a remarkable imitation of the then very popular Danny Kaye. We borrowed the coffin from Sigma Chi Fraternity, then located on St. George Street, a few doors north of Hoskin. I can't recall how we brought this purple velvet-covered, satin-lined, human container to Hart House Theatre but I shall never forget its return.

Four of us from Dentistry '47 undertook, on foot, to deliver the casket to the dock following the closing performance. We proceeded from Hart House, north to Hoskin, thence west to St. George, with an élan and a dignity which would have done credit to the most discriminating and fastidious mortician. At St. George and Hoskin,

continued on page 20



# Till the day I die

by James Reaney

1944

Chester Martin, head of Physical Training, roared when he caught sight of me, "Cut your hair".

Students from South America—they seemed to haunt the old Observatory which (found while practising for the C.O.T.C. Pipe Band) had within it Camoens' *Lusiads* on a windowsill. Alan Brown, when told what they had said to me, translated it for me. He'd been to Mexico and had heard similar phrases hurled at beggars. These phrases are now the only Spanish I know.

How vile the officers were in the C.O.T.C. — in real life they must have been teachers, but on the parade ground they behaved like Napoleon in the last stages of hydrophobia. I never could manage the drumstick whirling for the tenor drum, but they let me play it anyhow. At camp at Niagara on the Lake I used to make mistakes and you'd hear a whole route march being convulsed.

House meetings at 73 St. George Street where Carman Guild asked the group what they thought the motif for the next dance should be; for ten minutes afterward the word "motif" flew around the room as if it had been a pet suddenly acquired by the residence and had to be recognized by everyone at least once.

Having an Auden Spender tea up in my room, after getting halfway through *Paid on Both Sides*, those present voted to forget about Auden and Spender.

Falling blissfully asleep in both Oriental Literature and History; large, crowded overheated halls may have caused this. I can remember suddenly waking up when the lecturer started screaming, "Yahweh! Yahweh!"

On the day the war ended, we were writing the Greek and Roman Literature exam.

Canadian poetry and American in McGillivray and Priestley and Endicott's classes — that small pig in Knister's poem who looks up when the hired man plays "Tennessee Ernie" on the harmonica; the rest of the pigs just go on eating. The last poem in the anthology was written by someone who came back from overseas the next year; I can remember phrases like "running loose joined in the spring night" and frog sounds being like "Wooden bubbles". He turned out to have been born on an Ontario farm too. Crazy about Whitman and Frost too; not so crazy about Emerson. No one would ever tell us what transcendentalism was; we were too terrified to ask.

1946

Helped picket the Hermant Optical Plant; police on horses, made my own placard. The men at 73 were horrified; Carman Guild pushed me out the front door in an argument we had about socialism. On the protest march I met my first Marxists, including those of the mechanical variety who simply never stopped talking jargonically.

When I went to the bathroom at my new lodging-house on Brunswick Avenue, huge carp were swimming around in the bathtub. After this I decided to use the college facilities. I personally saw Milena Matukses, Classics fourth year, lend Hugh Kenner her copy of *Ulysses*. He had never read it before.

Our Town at Hart House — breathtaking; tried to congratulate the lead in the halls of Hart House a day later; walked right by me as if it were all too embarrassing.

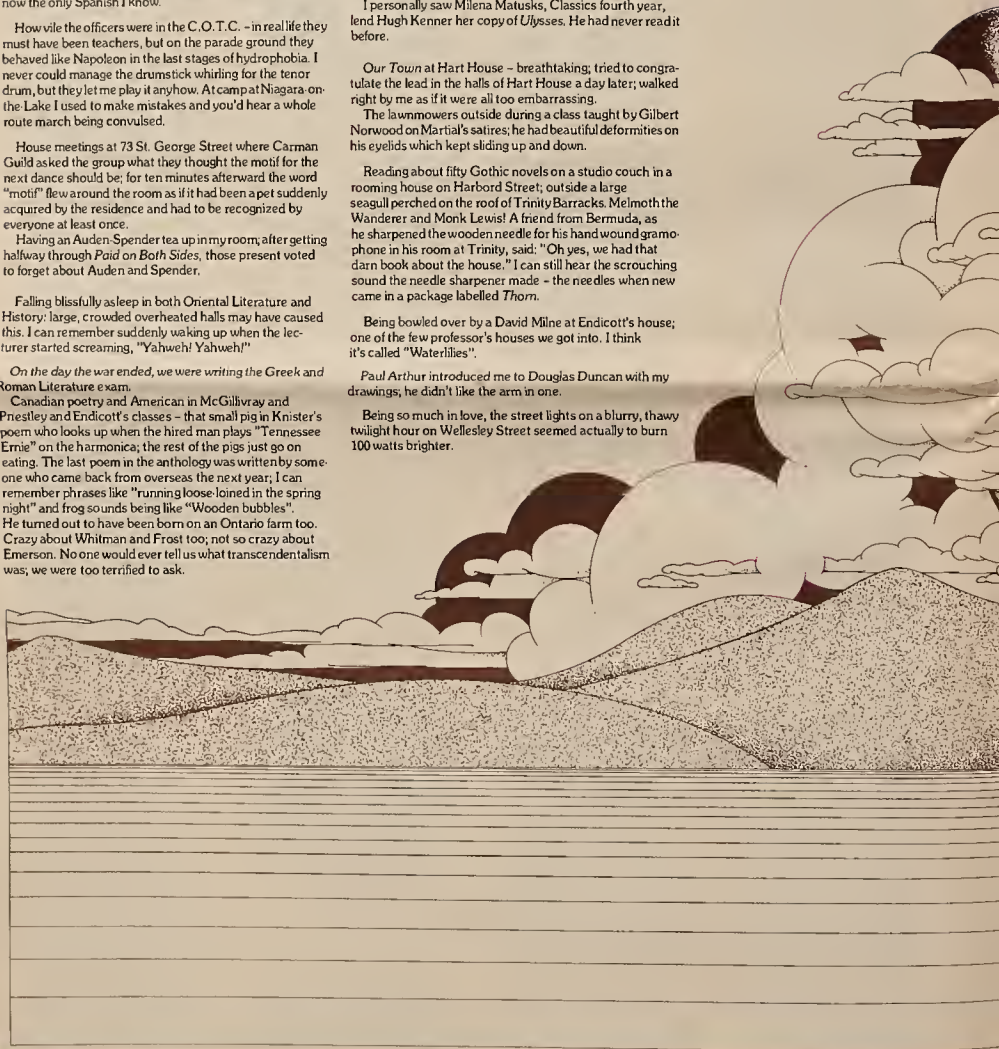
The lawnmowers outside during a class taught by Gilbert Norwood on Martial's satires; he had beautiful deformities on his eyelids which kept sliding up and down.

Reading about fifty Gothic novels on a studio couch in a rooming house on Harbord Street; outside a large seagull perched on the roof of Trinity Barracks. Melmoth the Wanderer and Monk Lewis! A friend from Bermuda, as he sharpened the wooden needle for his hand wound gramophone in his room at Trinity, said: "Oh yes, we had that darn book about the house." I can still hear the scrouching sound the needle sharpener made — the needles when new came in a package labelled *Thorn*.

Being bowled over by a David Milne at Endicott's house; one of the few professor's houses we got into. I think it's called "Waterlilies".

Paul Arthur introduced me to Douglas Duncan with my drawings; he didn't like the arm in one.

Being so much in love, the street lights on a blurry, thawy twilight hour on Wellesley Street seemed actually to burn 100 watts brighter.





Playwright and poet James Reaney, 478, is a professor of English at the University of Western Ontario.

Professor Woodhouse for the first and only time got angry at a student; he told Kurt to wipe that smile off his face. Kurt was a Marxist, a refugee, and had notions contrary to those of John Milton on sin. Kurt drove a chimneysweepers' truck with a black devil painted on the outside.

To a lecture by a visiting Edinburgh professor (the usual elegantly put nothings), Mr. Woodhouse wore his best black suit; a suit we never saw on him at other times. I still have dreams about that suit. The lecture was in West Hall.

1947

With the *British Film Yearbook* in hand, pursuing British films all over the town – to such cinemas as the Eclipse

on Parliament &c. Britnell's ordered the book for me – and ticked each off. *The Mon in Gray*, *Madonna of the Seven Moon*, *I Married a Stranger* (well, that's not quite the title, but it's an early James Mason where he and the fox are hiding in the same hay manger). I avoided American films as much as possible. Meanwhile the Film Club at U.C. had made their own film – a Marxist parable about the working class. Can remember a film on Lenin getting stuck in the projector and frying brown right in front of us.

Raining outside the Huron Cafe – the piano intro to "Take the A Train" on the juke box.

Like a stagecoach in *Uncle Silas* the English Honours class of '48 arrived at Fourth Year to the sloughs and swamps and muddy causeways of Victorian Thought and revered poets who seemed to be afflicted with noble thought as well as poetry (some) on the side.

Writing poetry constantly now, and trying to write novels in the summer; whole trunks full of Orange Coil Rotary notebooks. Finally it hit me that no one ever seemed to tell you why we were studying all this – well, I could deal with that, but what exactly was Literary Criticism?

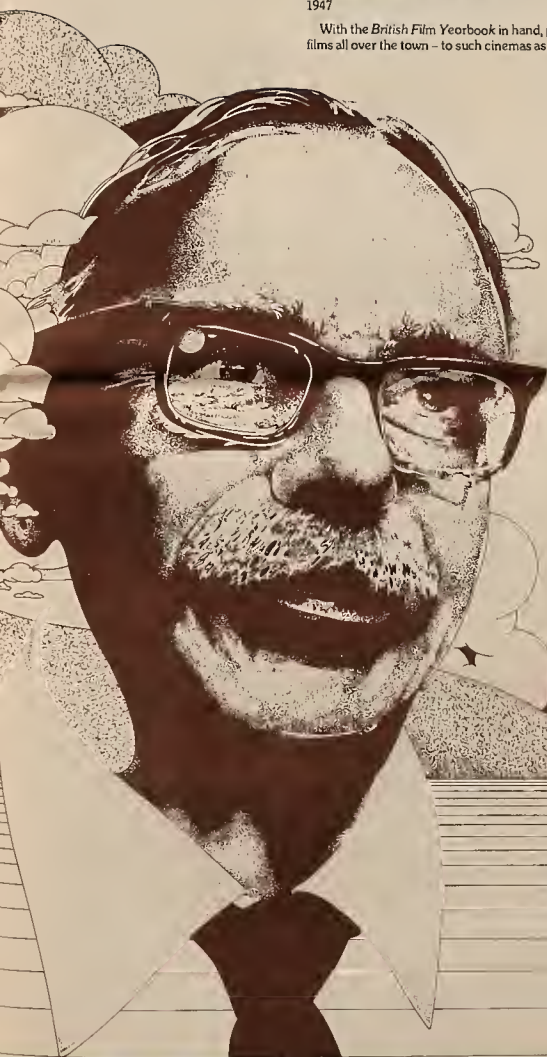
Professor Woodhouse said to me in a tutorial one day, "Well, Reaney, you're a poet, what's your theory of literature." I replied that there was the plumage theory.

During our last year in the spring a friend and myself (she wrote a poem about it) found the door open to the tower of the College and we climbed up the circular staircase to a spot where you could see the lake; on the way, various odd, ancient professors had their dens.

The library used to throw out books no one had read; I had just decided to do my M.A. on the novels of Ivy Compton-Burnett (found in Stratford Public Library) and as I went in to our library to scout out what they possessed, Miss Compton-Burnett, as it were, met me at the door. They were just getting rid of her.

Talking to some young people after a play, they're lowers of new plays as well as denizens of the present academic scene. It's the buildings that are important; I'll remember the gryphon till the day I die and the feel of the staircases under your feet – that agonizing one at Victoria College. We were discussing this and (drinking at the Mug) one of them said that after a lecture at West Hall he always had a really difficult time finding his way out of the building.

As you can see, so have I.



# Oh the dear good days . . .

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it happened there, crossing the intersection, heading straight for us, was the Homburg hatted, very distinguished Chancellor of the University and its former President, The Honourable and Reverend Henry J. Cody.

With considerable temerity and with a consciousness of the weight we had hitherto been able to ignore, we approached the Great Man, expecting, at best, a mild reprimand for our somewhat cavalier attitude to the serious business of death. At the appropriate moment, Dr. Cody moved to the edge of the walk to permit us to pass with our burden, reverently bowed his head.

Although that was 30 years ago, I shall never forget the twinkling eyes and the broad grin which it hid as he slowly raised his head, winked his eye, and wondered out loud if our friend "had been ill for long".

Wesley J. Dunn  
Dentistry 477

My first class at University was also the first time I'd been on a campus, other than to register. I knew not a person at Victoria College or U.T.I. I didn't even have my Matriculation. I was only in because of the veterans' preference, which got me and hundreds of others into a veterans' summer course, pass arts 1966.

The first class was English. Our class, perhaps 40, was stiff. Despite the prevalence of uniforms, there were clearly no "service" or personal bonds between the students. The general tone was serious, at most apprehensive. It reeked of both earnestness and doubt.

At 9:05 sharp chaplains walked, in suit too large, a *dear Russian quality about his bang and texture*. He was blond, his hair heavy, but haloed with wisps and snarls. On first look, he seemed prissy, uncomfortable, yet curiously like a robot. Still . . . and we were stiffer.

He began while staring out the window, such as it was - we were in a University College ground floor room. "My subject today is George Bernard Shaw . . .", and he was away. A tape recorder would have picked up little but the teacher's voice. Except for an occasional titter, the class didn't loosen up. When the bell rang, the man stopped talking, bobbed his head and left.

He was no sooner gone from the room when an uproar of comments made the place noisy. The guy in front of me, an ex-Navy sub-lieutenant, turned tone and said: "This can't be university, it's too entertaining." One Air Force type, now a prosperous lobbyist in Ottawa, belittled "What's this man's name?" A girl beside me looked at me for seconds but her mind wasn't there. When her beatific smile finally broke, she said: "That was better than any movie I've ever seen." What I knew was - if this was university I wanted a lot more of it, and the teacher. As it developed I got five courses from him by the time I graduated, and I still get excited when I read one of his books or articles, whether it's new or one on my shelf.

What a break! Northrop Frye as first voice heard at University.

Douglas Fisher  
Vic 479

Do you recall 7 Queen's Park? It was the setting in 1933 for the newly created School of Nursing, and provided a homelike atmosphere for its many occupants till 1952 when the present Faculty of Nursing building at 50 St. George Street was completed.

On a lovely mild December night, I was awakened from sleep, opened my eyes and saw a man standing in my residence room

- a short man, with a cap. Sitting bolt upright, I hissed, "Scram!" and the agile fellow climbed out the window.

A policeman shortly appeared asking for details. The Director and I, in our dressing gowns, walked outside with him to view the tracks. The weather did not appear as mild when we found we were unable to get back into the locked residence. Ringing the door bell stirred not a soul, so the policeman drove us to the Grosvenor apartment where we knew someone. After sitting for some time in the Grosvenor's lobby, we decided it would not be fitting to contact the friend (there would be too much talk and that would never do). So we phoned Mr. Marriott, the school caretaker, who arrived limping (having fallen over a chair as he groped towards his phone) and escorted us, in our silk *deshabillé*, back to the school.

The next day the bedroom windows were covered with heavy screening. To my knowledge, no one asked why. The two staff members involved did not tell the story for ten years - it would not have been good to have parents know that a man could get into the residence!

M. Jean Wilson  
Nursing 378

I was totally inane at University in terms of sports or clubs or anything like that. I spent most of one year in the Hart House library. I started at the As and read just about every book. I remember Northrop Frye saying that the great thing about university is that it gives you leisure time to read, and you will never have it again. He was right. I don't know how I passed my exams. I was an early drop out. I mean, I was still there, and I wrote exams, but I didn't participate in the University much.

We accepted everything the professors said as gospel. Most of the teaching was like high school. There were some exceptions like Frye, and Harold Innis. I used to sneak into his lectures too. You had a professor and a text and you went through the text with the professor's help. A week before the exam you memorized as much as you could and then you fed it back. A week after the exam you'd have forgotten it.

I got my B.A. in 1951. It was a pleasant place. There was no pressure: except to pass the exams, but there was no excitement either. What everybody worried about was the job interviews, and which companies paid the highest salaries, and that was about it.

Peter C. Newman  
Vic 571

As a very minor character at the Conser vatory I taught Piano and Theory. One Saturday morning I was counterpoint with a pretty girl. As always, I made her sing what she'd written, while I, *faisette* - chartered the *conto fermo* on an octave up. Obviously, the innocent thing had been reading about early church music in Italy. "Oh Mr. Peaker," she said, "What a wonderful castrato you'd make!"

At Knox College, our housemaster was "Tiny" Rintoul. He could choose any one he liked to say "Grace before meat". One night he called on a very old SPS man who must have been all of 32 and the poor fellow gasped. "Oh Lord!" Promptly, we said "Amen" and fell to.

Bob McClure cut our hair - 15¢ apiece - he'd acquired his skill on the inmates at Whistly. Many a night we'd hear his little "scooter" put putting away to the General Hospital. He'd appear at break fast, beaming - "Got an eight pound baby boy an hour ago."

Dear God! Did I know how happy I was in

those struggling poverty-stricken days? I cannot answer that, but I do believe that "there is a Destiny which shapes our ends, Rough even when the how we may", which text a certain eminent surgeon used to rehearse to his students when circumcising a baby.

Charles Peaker  
Music 275



"Behold our Femon Provost from Ireland the queer!  
It seems his mother named him after a certain brand of beer -  
His cousin is a rebel and his study is a mess,  
And all his conversation simply:  
'Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes.'"

On an early September evening in 1932, the Provost's Lodge was the scene of my introduction to Trinity College. Provost Cosgrave was acting in one of his 27 capacities as "guidance officer", although that distant halcyon time was spared such a term. His rich Irish voice was saying: "Since your family has no connection with the law and as there are hundreds of unemployed lawyers in the country, I advise you to study languages, a field in which you have some glimmer of hope." This ended my legal ambitions and the First Lesson.

After a good hour's conversation in which he had given an awe-stricken freshman a sense of welcome and importance, the Provost said by way of initiating my departure: "After you've been here awhile, you'll learn a song with a verse poking fun at me. The biographical part is all true, but I tell you in confidence that the only time I mumble a lot of yeses is when I'm bored." His head then nodded a little and I could just glimpse the Irish eyes peering through the bushy eyebrows as he slowly began a drowsy and interminable sequence of affirmatives that still echo through all the years.

William Ruddock  
Trinity 376

I got my first taste of election victory in my first year at the University. Mind you, it wasn't an earth-shaking election, merely the contest for class athletic rep, but it was my first.

I was in residence at the time and was pitted against a young Toronto lad, Ian Macdonald. Ian's handicap was that he went home for supper every night while I stayed on campus with the other residents from out of town. And as it turned out, the students from out of town formed the largest voting block and I, as the small town boy from Brampton, got their votes.

It was a good feeling to win. But I wouldn't feel too sorry for Ian Macdonald. He won every other office he went after in his University days and went on to become a most valued public servant, eventually serving as the Deputy Minister of Treasury, Economics and Intergovernmental Affairs before leaving to become president of York University.

We didn't know each other back in '48 at the time of the election, but over the years, as our work in government brought us together, we became good friends. We

often joke about the election and he tells me that's where I first learned the importance of the rural vote and that I've been using the knowledge to advantage ever since.

William Davis  
U.C. 572

Mulock Cup finals, 1933 - substitute left half Victoria College; coach Murray Graham put me in, quarterback called my play, straight through the line, ran for 14 yards; next play, same thing (freight yards); so astonished, dropped ball, SPS recovered, Graham took me out, too nervous he said; didn't get in again until well into 1934.

Wrote paper on Urban's metaphysics, 1935, for Fulcan Anderson seminar; had no idea Urban's problem; picked three sentences from shrewdly chosen parts Urban text; connected them with similar opaque sentences of my own; read paper at seminar; no one knew I didn't know; still don't understand Urban's problem.

Harold Taylor  
Vic 375

In January 1957, during a game at Varsity Arena between the Varsity Blues and the McGill Redmen, a skirmish started in the stands and I found myself in the middle of it. Even the players on the ice stopped playing to watch what was happening. After some pushing and shoving, one of the fellows involved fell two rows forward, landing on the University Chancellor and injuring him slightly. The word around the campus the following week was that Eagleson had been in a fight with the Chancellor and given him a cut lip.

R. Alan Eagleson  
Law 577

I was in Honours Geography, the Class of 478, seven men and seven women, the largest class they had ever had and probably the least inhibited. In those days the Geography Department was in the Economics building on Bloor Street. As our lectures were cunningly arranged in alternate hours on College Street and on Bloor we seemed to spend our time screaming down Philosopher's Walk, past the crouches on the lawn in front of Trinity and across the front campus. Heaven help us if the fence was up - that added three minutes to our mile and a quarter dash. At noon we always seemed to be in the lecture hall in the Economics building listening to Griffith Taylor expound on race and migration, suitably illustrated by his hand drawn "x" 3" glass slides, or H.A. Innis mulling through his glasses about Peter Pond and the fur trade. In the background in the spring you could always hear the organ grinder playing away as he wandered back and forth in front of the building. I wonder who paid him for that particular hour every day?

Kate (Moore) Donkin  
Geography 478

One of the most vivid memories I have is of the famous snow storm in the winter of '44. Bruce Oldfield and I, both farm kids, saw no reason not to walk to school because of the extremely heavy snowfall. We met on our usual corner and there, to our surprise, were Miss Riddle, our history lecturer, and her niece. There and a half hour later, and three hours later, we showed up for our 8.30 history lecture in company with Miss Riddle.



Bruce and I always thought that although we were never very proficient in histology, our marks did have a favourable trend because of our great ability to scatter the ladies through the snow. As to the effort I think if the truth were known, the "B" I eventually received was really a high "C" with a lot of snow added to it.

#### Harry Parrott Dentistry 477

For those who entered S.P.S. in the autumn of 1937 the word "depression" had a real meaning. Many students were entirely self-supporting, and a high percentage were obliged to earn at least part of their fees. For those who came from out of town, transportation and living in Toronto was an additional challenge. An informal poll revealed that the average person had discretionary spending budget of about \$2 per week for lunches, entertainment and transportation. There was no equivalent management course to teach one how to enjoy life and keep up appearances on limited means.

Some of Dean Mitchell's remarks in his welcoming address to the first year architectural and engineering students contained directives which would have caused a campus furor decades later. They were along these lines: "Gentlemen: I need not remind you that when attending classes you will wear a tie and a jacket. We don't care how many times your shirt has been mended if it is clean, or how shiny your trousers are if they are pressed. And of course you will clean your shoes and shave daily."

And the first year architectural students were rather jaded after their course to hear from a well-meaning and well-liked faculty member that it was doubtful if one could open an office and make a go of things without a private income of \$1,200 a year. However: "If you haven't such means there are a number of attractive young people of both sexes on this campus who, as we will have, all the resources you will need to succeed. Simply marry one!"

#### C.F.T. Rounthwaite Architecture 472

Perhaps my greatest "offbeat" achievement was suing The Varsity for libel and retaining three legal associates from the Honour Law Course, comprising the mythical firm of Bell, Laskin and Singer, to represent me. In retrospect, not a bad choice: one Chief Justice, one Cabinet Minister, and one practising Toronto lawyer. We won the highly publicized case and I was awarded damages of one cent - which barely covered my legal fees.

#### Sidney Hermant U.C. 375

In 1940, there used to be a little restaurant on Hoskin Avenue just opposite St. George Street. A year of Hart House lunchtime sterile efficiency had pallied on us sophomores, who were willing to swap worse food for more select company. One day, we were eating the twenty-five cent table d'hôte, when a girl approached whom some of my friends knew. It turned out she was a fledgling reporter for The Varsity, sent out to survey the neighbouring student eateries. My friends began to tell her about the attractions of the restaurant, and were waxing enthusiastic about the quality of the food, for the price. In the midst of this, I larked the crust off my pie, and found a large living worm in the rhubarb. I reported the infestation without comment, but it was enough to kill the enthusiasm, and the Varsity story.

I wouldn't remember this, except that the reporter eventually became my wife.

#### Harry G. Johnson Vic 473

Nothing very spectacular happened during my college days, except that the University was invaded. After four years in the Navy, I was among the hundreds of members of the Canadian Armed Forces who converged on the campus in the summer of 1946 to attend the summer session especially arranged for us. Suddenly we were free from the discipline of military life, only to be enslaved again by the necessity of achieving high enough marks to qualify for continued grants from a grateful government.

That fall, fresh-faced young students, direct from high school, joined the veterans. Sometimes it was hard to work up great enthusiasm for the "Rahl Rahl" and the hazing pranks that were a part of freshman life. One day, a Trinity student coming down the stairway of the College drew a pistol and fired at a confederate a few feet away who fell in apparent agony. It was only a gag to advertise a play, but the marksman narrowly missed being jumped by an ex-officer who had learned to react instinctively and harshly to sudden violence.

#### Esmond Butler Trinity 478



In the autumn of 1919 the freshman medical class was made up of the Class of 274, the last year of the five-year course, and 275, the initial entry for the new six-year course. The dividing line was service in W.W.I. and the combined classes numbered more than 400 veterans and neophytes. We in 275 regarded ourselves as the guinea pigs of a new educational venture but it was not until our third year that an innovation almost precipitated a rebellion. Dr. J.G. FitzGerald, the eminent professor of public health and head of the School of Hygiene, announced that we would have to take an extra three weeks to observe the workings of the municipal Departments of Health.

Briefs, delegations and protests expressed our objections to the Dean, on the prospect that our summer earnings would be reduced and that we might not be able to afford next year's tuition fees. After a couple of weeks of unrest Professor FitzGerald prefaced one of his regular lectures with the words, "In spite of the views of the conservatives, the diehards and the knackers, this course will proceed." So it did, to the great advantage of us fledgling medics. We took part in inspections of filtration plants, observed the procedure of chlorination of community water supplies, attended immunization and well-baby clinics, studied the efforts for the control of tuberculosis, looked at school health services and emerged with a regard and admiration for preventive medicine which persists to this day.

And there were no financial drop-outs from the class.

#### A.D. Kelly Meds 275

Years after graduation I discovered that I had acquired at college an unenviable reputation for unpunctuality. Unaware at the time that this trait was evidence of "incurably misquadrating as an ounce" I merely found it impossible to get places, especially to nine o'clocks, on time.

Professor C.B. Sissons told me later that he had seriously meditated setting a final paper based on material discussed in the first ten minutes of every lecture. Professor J.C. Robertson, of whom I lived in secret awe, cured me for at least a week by remarking astutely: "Miss Irwin, if you would arrive earlier and keep quiet after your arrival, it would be better for all concerned." And Professor John (nie) Robins glanced up quickly from his Chaucer, after I had made a hurried entry, remarking: "By this time, Miss Irwin, it should be evident to you that when you arrive, the door is to be closed." Next day with a special effort, I whizzed up the long Vic staircase, passed him in the corridor and closed the East lecture room door with five seconds to spare. I can still see him standing, head thrown back, in the doorway, still hear his gargantuan laughter.

#### Grace Irwin Vic 279

When, as a member of the graduating class in Dentistry in 1929 and still a young man, I joined my classmates in several escapades which nearly proved my undoing, we eluded apprehension and were thankful for our freedom. The years rolled on and I became Dean, and a member of the Capital of the U of T. We reviewed similar cases of misdemeanor and on one or two occasions, as a member of the Caput, I sat quietly by and signed, "But for the Grace of God, there go I."

#### Roy G. Ellis Dentistry 271

It was a beautiful sunny day in September in the year 1931. With light heart and a jaunty step, armed with my small satchel containing a few reference books, I leaped up the gray cement steps of the physics building to attend my first lecture. I was met by Professor Satterly, who held the large glass door open for me and, in dulcet tone, said, "Welcome to the Department of Physics." What a splendid introduction to a subject about which I was so very ignorant.

I entered a large lecture hall crammed with earnest students enrolled in the first year of the honour science course. I found an empty seat beside a most beautiful blonde female. Another good beginning, I thought.

Professor John Satterly, a tall lanky Scotsman with steel grey curly hair, walked sedately to the lectern and looked at the sea of anxious faces before him. For two endless minutes he gazed as if astonished at what he beheld; then in a voice dripping with doom he asked: "Are there any in this class who have not studied Grade 13 physics? Please stand up." Eight of us rose slowly from our seats as if fighting some magnetic force. Then again the silent accusing gaze followed by the sonorous voice: "God help you."

#### Fred A. Ureghart U.C. 375

Apart from the serious and exuberant intellectual pleasure I experienced in my four years in the honours philosophy program, the single most repeated incidental pleasure I can recall was the ascending and descending Philosopher's Walk from University College to the Political Economy building on Bloor Street. That short strip provided, in all seasons and during all hours of the day and night, a welcome space for both solitude and companionship. I know in remembering the experiences of that walk, I share the recollected pleasures of scores of U of T graduates.

#### Edward Broadbent Graduate Studies 676

In 1958, I was living at home and woke up late for a fourth year philosophy final. I only had time for a fast raid on the fridge before dash-off to write the three hour exam. Soon after returning home, I got a call from Professor Edson asking if I was alright and how was the exam? I'd found it typically obscure but otherwise felt OK, thanks. It seems he'd had a call from my wife, a volunteer worker at the Symphony Humane Sale, predicting I had probably passed out mid exam room. Because that morning, unnoticed by me, my mother had mixed up and was cooking off a big vat of Bloody Marys for the rummage ladies, and I had knocked it all back for breakfast.

Later, just in case, I filled out a form to the Examination Petition Committee, arguing that "the consumption of 12 oz. of vodka may have adversely affected my performance in Metaphysics 4C." But I privately thought if anything I had probably helped, and that it had another 6 oz. I might have got a first.

#### Michael de Pencier Trinity 578

In the war years of the second world war, we medical students became comic-opera soldier students in uniforms with mouldering green brass buttons. How often did the military police arrest one of us for unilaterally long hair or unacceptable behaviour? We were Hagerman's Commandos - Colonel Hagerman from the duty of keeping us loosely in line from his headquarters in a temporary military hospital long since absorbed by the western reaches of the campus.

Crash-coursing our way through all four seasons for several years, we hardly knew the peace-time fun of other generations of students. Yet we did have fun and today we talk gleefully about the crazy and drunken events of those years. When, sooner or later, we return to talking about our professors, I need only to close my eyes to recapture memories of the brilliantly creative William Galle and Roscoe Graham in Surgery, the form and delivery of William Boyd in Pathology and John Grant in Anatomy, the gleeful exuberance of Arthur Ham in Histology and the intense, soul-searing concern of Alan Brown that every one of us absorb all he could drill into us about the care of babies. And as soon as someone else speaks fondly of a favourite, I find that agreement is easy and instant: Charles Best, Wastenesy, Bill Robinson, Gordon Murray, Van Wyck, R.I. Harris and others. Were they heroic men? Of course they were!

#### John W. Basmajian Meds 475



There was never a more decent, humane, thoughtful person who ever toiled on the campus of the University of Toronto than Professor Moffat Woodside. Although a Trinity first-year man, I had chosen to pursue a course in the Ancient World with Professor Woodside at Victoria College, which, though only a few hundred yards away, led to a succession of late arrivals.

In an effort to reform, I determined to be in my place early on this occasion. As I approached the massive doors of Old Vic's lecture hall it was strangely quiet.

continued on page 22



I opened the door and was met with a deafening crash. A map of Greece, the size of a mediaeval tapestry, had been hung on the door and was now on the floor. I climbed over a mountain of map, lost my balance and dropped notes, several library books and a sudden overcoat on the pile. Then began the longest minute of my life as I heroically separated belongings and map, finally lifting the latter by a thin tape only to discover that it had been supported by an invisible nail. After an interminable game of blind man's bluff, I unilaterally concluded that a study of the geographical realities of the Ancient World had terminated and laboriously rolled up the map and deposited it in the corner of the room.

Throughout this entire process Professor Woodside had stood silent with a sympathetic smile normally reserved for idiots and lunatics wreathing his face. However, my humiliation was not yet complete. No sooner had I retrieved coat, books et al and begun the task of seeking oblivion at the rear of the lecture hall than I was trampled by a stampede concocted in high humour by my classmates. I had in fact come 50 minutes late rather than 10 minutes early.

Walter Pitman  
Ontario College of Education ST3



I recall with appreciation many acts of whimsy and of kindness by my professors while I was a student at UoT. Not all these acts were related directly to academic work. One episode occurred in a fourth year Modern History seminar at Baldwin House on a bleak Monday in February 1951. The seminar was held, for some reason, at 8 a.m., an hour that can be difficult for undergraduates. The preceding night had been late and lively and I was, I confess, feeling distinctly fragile. In fact, not to put too fine a point upon it, I was physically present but mentally absent from the classroom. It was, consequently, disconcerting when the professor, a most distinguished scholar, unobtrusively passed down the table a note which was folded over and addressed to me. I still have the note. It read: "Young man, you look like I feel. Please slip out and have a cup of coffee on me." A dime was enclosed.

The professor chose not to make any overt reference to the incident during the remainder of the year. However, at the reception following Convocation in the spring, a friendly voice asked: "Will you have that cup of coffee now?"

T.H.B. Symons  
Trinity ST1

When I lived in Annesley Hall in the Twenties our morals were well guarded. Permission to be out after 10 o'clock was granted sparingly. Male friends could be entertained on weekend evenings until ten o'clock, in the common room, with the door open. Dance halls and most downtown restaurants were out of bounds. Playing cards was frowned on, and the thought of cigarettes or alcohol on the premises was too shocking to be contemplated. Dancing was forbidden in all College buildings, and our class, ST6, acquired an infamous reputation as the first to hold a dancing party outside. Instead of dances, the College held "promenades". The

women lined up on one side of the main hall, with the men on the other side getting up their courage to cross and seek partners for a succession of "proms". This involved walking about and talking, on the first and second floors, while the band played a number. A few really daring couples crept surreptitiously to the dark third floor, where they wickedly danced to the music.

Dorothy Forward  
Vic ST6

My very first lecture was a memorable one. I was supposed to take *Mathematics 1A*, but in typical freshman fashion had no luck in locating the assigned lecture room in U.C. (then often referred to as "the Main Building"). Ten minutes late, and in desperation, I knocked on the closed door of a room where math was being offered by Prof. A.T. DeLury. He opened the door, obviously not pleased at being interrupted, and asked for an explanation. When I explained my predicament, he sat me down in the middle of the front row and in his oddily precise voice said, "Now, young man, this is not *Mathematics 1A*, but *Mathematics 4B*. However, if you will listen closely, you may learn something that will stand you in good stead three years from now." I still think that was the longest and least enlightening lecture I ever took or, rather, was exposed to.

Joseph C. Evans  
U.C. ST9

During my undergraduate years I had the good fortune to come into contact with the late Prof. L. Joslyn Rogers of the Department of Chemistry. Since we were fraternity brothers, there was a standing invitation to seek advice and counsel from a wise and wonderful human being. At that time he was still doing most of the forensic science work for the police and had been for 40 years. He had just moved into his laboratory in the then new Wallberg Building and it was cluttered with such goodies as nitroglycerine from the most recent sale-crawling for his famous "bannan and anvil" test, and livers and stomachs from some poor souls who had confused catnip with peanut butter or who, not having had second year chemistry, thought alcohol was alcohol whether methyl or ethyl. These samples were kept long after analytical needs had been satisfied and public health requirements demanded, since each was a reminder of a great story. I remember one day when from his laboratory oven there emerged a dish of dried stomach contents of dubious and disgusting origin, followed with majestic flourish, by a cake of blue ribbon quality.

D.D. Lucas  
Pharmacy ST3

When the Trinity College Dramatic Society was presenting Molire's play *Tartuffe* in Hart House in 1951, Herbie Whittaker, the director, arranged to have a box at the end of the stage to which I, as Louis XIV, dressed in royal robes, a long wig and all the trappings, was ushered before each act, and from which I proceeded to centre stage at the end of the performance to have the actors presented to me. In one performance, without telling anyone, Donna Paisley, ST3, (now my wife) and I hurriedly changed places for the middle act to see if, once she was wigged and robed, anyone would notice the difference. When the evening's performance was over it appeared that not a soul had noticed and we thought we had got away with it until Herbie challenged us, remarking that it had seemed to him that in the middle act Louis XIV was sitting somewhat lower in the royal box.

When he directed our plays, Herbie never missed a detail.  
Ronald L. Watts  
Trinity ST2

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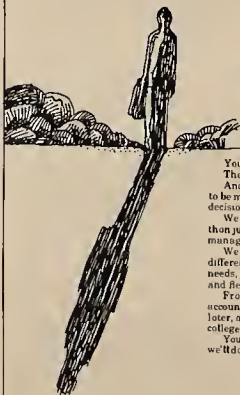
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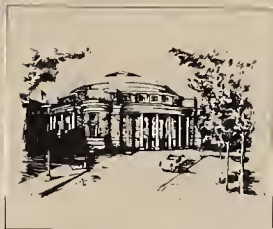
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# More than a newspaper

by Ian Montagnes

The University got through its first half century somehow without *The Varsity*. Of course for much of that time there were no students, or only a handful who could shout along the hall when they had anything to say; but by 1880, with enrolment approaching 350 (and with SPS across the playing field, and talk of federation with Vic), the way opened. *The Varsity* began that year as a weekly review of literature and "university thought". At a nickel a copy, it prospered. Bliss Carman, Charles G.D. Roberts and other non-students in time were lured to its pages.

Even then, amidst the poetry and high-minded essays, the staff were battling dragons and windmills. In the first year they campaigned against a once-pleasing creek which wound through the campus from Yorkville - "The stench arising from the Taddle is very pronounced" - and forced it underground. Later, in 1895, they took on the University administration, helped foment a student strike over charges of nepotism in academic appointments, prompted a government inquiry, and saw their editor, James Tucker, expelled.

In 1908, *The Varsity* changed from a review to a three-weekly newspaper. Harry Hindmarsh was the editor who did it and introduced bigger headlines and better pictures - trademarks he would carry to the *Toronto Star* where for some decades he led the most spectacular news-gathering operation in North America. When I was a copy boy at the *Star*, one summer forty years later, he was still there, a white-haired ursine figure who spent most of his time in a corner office, apparently devouring teletype copy. One of the newer men in the city room was Mark Harrison, who had then just left off being editor-in-chief of *The Varsity*. (Mark recently resigned as executive editor of the *Star* to become editor of the *Montreal Gazette*.) Since I wanted to be a journalist too, I followed their example. With a crimson freshmen tie hanging around my neck, I blundered into a senior editorial meeting and joined the staff of *The Varsity* in 1949.

Immersion followed - at first one evening a week, then occasional lunch hours or afternoons, eventually four or five days a week from mid-morning till midnight with the odd overnight venture to the printing plant in Oshawa - learning the craft of marking up copy, editing to size, writing headlines, laying out pages, covering speeches and meetings, interviewing, cropping photos, and finally organizing the routine of a daily newspaper with a circulation as large as many in the province. We were slightly fierce, probably quotic, in our striving to be professional: our ancient Underwoods were still warm from the fingers of Norman Depoe and other ex-servicemen, and we covered the campus, its events and personalities, like the small town it then was. (One feature began, "Professor - recently commented to me: 'Claude Bissell is an up and coming young man.'") Yet we never completely forgot why we were at university: we were also full-time students and for most of us respectable marks were a point of honour. (Bob Dnieper, whose raffish humour made his sports column the best-read part of the paper, and still brings him occasional prominence as a judge, was a secret straight A scholar.)

Our crowded offices in the basement of UC attracted some of the brighter and many of the more eccentric members of the community. There was incessant talk. Some of it surfaced in the paper - under the rubric of Art, Music and Drama (Bill Glines, who has since had a stormy career as a theatrically inclined minister in Brooklyn Heights and Greenwich Village, headed that department), or book reviews (we gave two columns to the first work of a local professor named McLuhan), or pungent editorials, or regular science columns. When *The Varsity* was chosen the best student newspaper in Canada in 1951, one of the judges remarked that we were "literate, mature, adult - almost too much so."



The other judges praised our balanced news coverage and our sense of fun. We rarely lost the latter. We mocked our fellow students, and ourselves. We kept alive the Champus Cat, a humour column already hoary when Wayne and Shuster wrote for it before the war. We revelled in photos of buxom, leggy cheerleaders, and when one of the girls was worried because a picture showed her umbilicus, we ran it with her face masked and a serious Science Note on the significance of that part of the human body. (The author now is a professor of anatomy.) We experimented with front-page design so much that we once forgot to leave space for the name of the paper.

And we commented. How we commented! We argued for a student union - a campaign that is still going on. We ran a special issue on the purpose of a university. We criticized the government, the church, the army, the state of the arts, and the apathy of other undergraduates. We were unsparing of the Students' Council. Our most ambitious campaign, which reached across the country, was to invite a group of Russian students to visit Canadian universities - somewhat more difficult an idea while Joe McCarthy was at his peak nearby than it seems today. We won every round of that fight but the last.

Sidney Smith, as President, had to field several complaints from people within the University and outside it. We didn't learn that, however, until we managed to prick his own pride with a gag issue in which he was quoted as recommending University courses in "remedial sex." The main article consisted of extracts from a report he had actually given on the need for remedial English. Only one word was exchanged throughout; but the double entendres were such that, we heard, bootleg copies sold on the floor of the Toronto Stock Exchange for the price of a blue-chip share.

I left the paper soon after, and before long the next year's editors in turn were in hot water. *The Varsity* seems to have gone downhill ever since, but that's a common view among ex-staffers.

On the surface, the current *Varsity* is as different from ours as the jeans of its staff from the grey flannels we wore below blue university blazers. Or as different as our paper was from that of the Thirties. The copies are fatter now, 12 to 20 pages, but they are back to only three times a week. The offices are more spacious, and the editorship is a full-time job away from studies. The sense of humour seems to be gone, but that's what Dorothy Livesay wrote in 1951 about us. The news stories and controversies are also different - ours seem rather innocent in comparison, belonging to a time when the chief at Diana Sweet's on Bloor Street created All Varsity Revue surdances and the downtown papers headlined the Blues' wins.

But essentially *The Varsity* remains what it has been. Ever since Harry Hindmarsh, it has spun off journalists.



Ian Montagnes, ST3, is General Editor of the University of Toronto Press and a past member of The Varsity Board of Directors.

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Some now are history, like Helen Allen (long-time women's editor of the Toronto Telegram, writer of a famous Varsity editorial on petting as a social amenity, which had the campus in an uproar in the Twenties), or practising veterans like E. C. Phelan (author of the Globe and Mail Style Guide, who has credited the student newspaper with converting him from plans to be a chemical engineer). Among more recent graduates, Peter Gzowski keeps teaching us that interest in people makes for good journalism in any medium.

And ever since James Tucker, *The Varsity* has tested established ideas and taken up issues of principle. In 1931 Andrew Allan, future producer and writer, was dismissed as editor for suggesting that students were being taught practical atheism; a few years later Arthur Cochrane, future professor of systematic theology, was fired for objecting to the licensing of beverage rooms in the dry counties of Ontario. Lately it has become more difficult to outrage in print, but somehow *The Varsity* manages. In the process its editors have learned some thing of the fragility of freedom of speech. It's not coincidental that there are at Queen's Park today two former editors, C.M. Godfrey and Michael Cassidy, in the Opposition, but none on the Government bench.

The alumni of *The Varsity*—some thousands—are not all journalists: they are scholars and scientists, healers and housewives, teachers, clerics, critics, businessmen, poets, engineers. All have some similar memories. For *The Varsity* is not just a newspaper. It is one of the many streams on the campus that flow beneath the formal structure of the University. In its private role, among its staff, it is a community within the larger one, where ideas can be traded and friendships made. In its publication, partial and imperfect, abusive and abused, it remains one of the few, all University presences. Around its desks, and in its pages, it has been since 1880 a place where, between lectures and after library stints, students educate one another.

How to measure its influence? For an unanswerable question, a whimsical response by one former associate editor (1890) about another—Stephen Leacock, writing in *The Varsity*'s 50th anniversary issue: "There was a young freshman named William Lyon Mackenzie King who sent us in a poem. I remember that Doc McEay said it was one of the worst poems we had received that week. We sent it back to King with a smart rebuke as a warning. Perhaps we were wrong. Without our rebuke, King might be an established poet today. As it was, he abandoned literature. Nor did I ever hear that he had any career beyond a little temporary employment at Ottawa."



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# Tapping through the Twenties

by Willson Woodside

My recollections of life at U of T half a century ago begin promptly on the night of my arrival. I had a room in North House, Devonshire Place – actually it was a three-room suite – that I shared with my sidekick who had come with me on the cattle train from Calgary, Ken Tupper, later a jet and nuclear specialist who eventually became Dean of SPS.\*

The Headmaster of North House was a dear old professor of Physics, Lachlan Gilchrist, who ruled with the lightest of hands. It was no trick at all to call him to the phone, then slip into his open door and borrow the house pass key, which hung on a hook. That's what the house sophs and seniors did, at bedtime the first night.

I woke as I hit the floor, with the mattress on top of me and the bed on top of that. (It's very simple to flip a bed – two fellows just grab the front legs and pull.) Before going to bed I had put my flashlight and six-shooter in the top drawer of the chest and, brandishing them, I now stumbled over to the door of our suite and peered out into the hall. My tormentors backed towards the end of the hall in confusion and someone hollered, "Don't shoot, we were only fooling."

Of course, I wasn't going to shoot; I wasn't even loaded. But boy! did the legend that grew out of that brief encounter stand me in good stead all my days at North House and SPS! My phone calls were posted for weeks at North House as "Dead-eye Dick" or "Three-finger Pete" and no one tried to tap me for quite a while.

Tapping (being dunked in the showers) and fighting between houses were a very important part of fall activities.

Most of us, just back from survey jobs and the like, were feeling pretty "horsey". I remember we took a dim view of the fancy clothes and lifestyle of one of the freshmen, and one night when he was out we got the pass key and fashioned all of his dozens of ties into a long rope, festooning it across his room.

He also had a Reo roadmaster. It stood out, all right, because it was the only car parked in front of North House and one of only three at SPS. One day in the fall there was some occasion to take the afternoon off and go downtown to a vaudeville show – probably at Shea's. The freshman volunteered to take a few passengers, but by the time we had all piled in, or on, the Reo – front, running boards and rumble seat – he had 18 passengers in all. I'll never forget the look on his face.

Of course we didn't spend all of our time horsing around (all smart people started to work seriously by Christmas), but I must recall the night we raided South House and carried nearly half of the 45 men there over to North House for tapping. Someone had worked out a system whereby we entered their house through the heating tunnel late at night, put blocks in the hinges to jam the doors on the two top storeys, wired the door knobs together across the stairwell, then turned on the poor first floor victims.

After we had tapped them, the plan was to carry them back to their quarters, wire them in, and take out the fellows on the next floor up. However, we were worn out subduing and carrying the mighty Shute brothers (Evan and Will, of Vitamin E fame), and by that time some of the rest of the South House boys had got out by shinnying down the rainpipes and vines, so we retired. A half-hour later, after re-organizing their forces, they came with a battering ram and broke in our front door, which we had reinforced with tables and chairs – the cost of the damage was \$86.

Others came in a first-floor window, bleeding from the broken glass; soon after that we called it a night.

Another memory which won't be suppressed is of firing the Hart House cannon and painting the Meds fence, to celebrate School Election Day, in 1928 or '29. I bought the "sporting powder" at Aikenhead's for \$2 and someone else bought the paints in Meds colours and provided brushes. One of our fellows in Mining pinched a length of fuse and a pair of detonating caps. We set out at about 3 a.m., one squad

led by Ken Tupper carrying the explosives, a large number of copies of the Toronto Star to use as wadding, and a 12-foot two-by-four to ram it in with. I took the other squad to the Meds building, which was opposite to our old Red School House, and we painted their fence just beautifully, in three-foot stripes. We all made it home unobserved, or at least unreported.

Next day at noon the Engineers were at lunch in the Great Hall when I called them out to the steps of Hart House to "see something". Two of our explosives experts ran out to light the fuses. One thought to poke the sputtering fuse back into the cannon's mouth, the other didn't, and Bill the



\* The Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering, from which Mr. Woodside graduated in 1929, began as the Ontario School of Practical Science; whence both the initials SPS and the sobriquet "School" or "Skule" used by Engineers to identify their faculty.

Cop (I just can't recall his name, though there were only three University policemen in those days) ran out quickly and jerked that fuse away. The other cannon went off with a roar and a lot of smoke and the *Stars* blowing all the way to Queen's Park. I was almost afraid to look after the smoke cleared, for fear the old cannon had been shattered, but it hadn't and in a few days the mouths of both guns were blocked up with wood, remaining so during the rest of my time on campus. I should add that the Meds got back at us by painting a great skull and crossbones in their colours on our big East Door, and unloading a stink inside the building that lasted the rest of that term.

Of course, we didn't spend all of our time on such nonsense; it's just that those memories stick in mind! I remember our professors very well, too. There were the Loudons, to begin with. James Loudon had been President of the University at the turn of the century. His son, "Old W.J.", as we called him, taught in University College, and we had to troop over to those hallowed precincts for his lectures. What supreme, but well-mannered, contempt he had for Schoolmen! The story we told ourselves was that he marked our papers by throwing them downstairs, those which travelled furthest receiving the highest marks. Another Arts professor who lectured to us was Alfred Delury, who was absolutely delightful, although I always felt that SPS students didn't properly appreciate him.

W.J. Loudon's son, Tommy, taught at SPS, headed the University Athletic Association for many years, and was both popular and respected. I was therefore amazed when I was walking down University Avenue near the Armories, one day in the mid-Thirties, when he stopped his car on the far side and shouted right across that wide street, "It's people like you, Woodside, who make wars." Tommy had joined the Oxford Group, who believed they could "change" Hitler;

I was a journalist by that time and was warning that Hitler intended to make war.

I suppose our most beloved professor was Watson Bain in Chemistry, who later became Dean. The Dean in those days was Brig.-Gen. Mitchell. Although he must have been a fairly good engineer – he had been on the first commission reporting on the feasibility of a St. Lawrence seaway – he wasn't a good Dean, and allowed the School to become terribly ingrown. I remember going through the calendar, when I first joined the staff, and finding that 90 out of the 99 teachers at SPS including 32 out of 33 on the lowest level, had graduated from the School. There were, I believe, only four or five Ph.D's in the lot. No one, among the students I knew, talked of taking a doctorate, and I only know two of our graduating class of 100 who got a Master's degree.

However, I learned to forgive the Dean for letting the School moulder, and remember him fondly as a bibliophile and music lover. He had a splendid library, with many first editions, and a season's ticket to the TSO that he occasionally loaned me in my senior year. In those days the Toronto Symphony, under Luigi von Kunitz, played only at 5.15 in the evening, to catch people on their way home. Tickets were 50¢ to \$1. The Dean had a \$1 seat, in the front row of the first balcony, and that is where I heard my first good music, Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. Dean Mitchell's secretary, Edith Birkett, who would call me in to get the ticket, was the nicest person in SPS.

The cultural centre of the University in those days was Hart House, the whole character of which was the almost single-handed creation of a transplanted Englishman, John Burgon Bickersteth. I was never one of his "boys" – to my boss, I never served on a Hart House committee – but I believe no one at the University made a stronger mark on my generation of (male) students.

*Willson Woodside, 2T9, formerly a war correspondent for Saturday Night, teaches political science at the University of Guelph.*



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## Simcoe Hall graduates yet another president

Simcoe Hall, the University's administrative headquarters, has been graduating so many university presidents lately that President John Evans might be forgiven for wondering if, inadvertently, he has created a School for Presidents.

The University's latest loss (and the University of Western Ontario's gain) is George E. Connell, Vice-President of Research and Planning, who has recently been appointed president of Western, effective July 1, for a five-year renewable term.

What's remarkable is that Dr. Connell is the fourth U of T administrator in the last two years to be made head of a major university. Just last July, Ralph Campbell, Principal of Scarborough College, became president of the University of Manitoba,

succeeding another former U of T official, Ernest Sirluck. And in July 1975, two U of T Vice Presidents, Donald Fossler and Jill Conway, took up the reins at, respectively, the University of Guelph and Smith College, New Hampshire.

Like the others, George Connell acquired most of his management training on the job. After serving as chairman of U of

T's Department of Biochemistry, he was appointed Associate Dean of Medicine in 1972 and moved to his senior administrative post in Simcoe Hall two years later.

Incidentally, George Connell's predecessor at Western is D. Carlton Williams, yet another former U of T academic administrator.

## Evans to speak at alumni conference

President John R. Evans will be the keynote speaker on Friday, May 6 at this year's Alumni Advisory Conference, whose theme will be "Sequentennial: Proud Tradition - Future Vision". The conference, on Friday and Saturday, May 6 and 7, will be followed by the annual meeting of

the University of Toronto Alumni Association on Saturday afternoon. For further information, please contact: Dr. William Gleberzon, Assistant Director, Department of Alumni Affairs, University of Toronto, 47 Wilcocks St., Toronto M5S 1A1; telephone 978-8991.



Richard M. Alway

## Warden appointed for Hart House

Richard M.H. Alway, 37, has been appointed Warden of Hart House, for five years, effective October 1, 1977, succeeding Professor Jean Lengle.

A native of Hamilton, the new Warden has had an unbroken association of 19 years with the University. On his graduation in 1962 from St. Michael's College, he received the College's Gold Medal in Philosophy. As a student, he won many awards including the S.A.C. Special Service Award. He earned an M.A. in 1965, and a Ph.D. in 1967 from the University.

On a Canada Council Graduate Fellowship, Mr. Alway did research on U of T's fifth president, Robert Falconer, 1907-32, after which he acted as Director of Research for the University's Sesquicentennial History Project. He was Dean of Men Students at Trinity College, 1973-75 and is a member of the Corporation of that College.

Since 1973, Mr. Alway has been Senior Policy Consultant with the Canada Studies Foundation - a private, government-financed, educational foundation that sponsors curriculum projects across Canada at the secondary school level. Since last fall, he has also acted as a news analyst and commentator for Toronto radio station CFRB.

## Robert Armstrong chairs Varsity Fund



Robert J. Armstrong has been appointed chairman of the Varsity Fund Board for a two-year period effective Jan. 1, 1977.

A graduate of St. Michael's College, Bob Armstrong attended Osgoode Hall for his law degree and is now a partner in the firm of Blackwell, Law, Treadgold, and Armstrong.

He has been associated with alumni fund-raising activities involving the University since 1958.

The Varsity Fund is now located within the Department of Private Funding, where Nelson Earl, Assistant Director, will provide staff support.

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# Treading water

by Jack Batten



Illustration by Alan King

My seven years as a student at Varsity were, alas, mostly downhill. It wasn't the University's fault. The plunge had begun much earlier, back in 1946 when the vocational guidance teacher at my high school gave me a bum steer that threatened to put a permanent kink in my educational and occupational life.

I was in Grade 9 that year in a small private boys' school, and for one class per week, all of us young scholars in the guidance course applied ourselves to the study of various professions. We took Kuder Preference Tests, IQ tests and other close examinations of our psyches and inclinations. And we wrote an essay, each of us, on a profession of our own choice. I wrote about sports journalism, researching the topic to a depth that dazzles me today, interviewing an old retainer in the Toronto Star sports department for background detail, sweating long hours over the essay's prose. I felt as proud of the finished product as of anything I'd so far managed in school.

Then came the climax to the year of guidance. I attended a private interview with the course's teacher, a stooped and fussy man whose other speciality was Latin Authors.

"Well, Batten," the teacher said as I felt for the edge of a chair in his office. "It's all very clear."

"Yes, sir."

"All of these documents," he said, flicking the back of his hand at the papers spread across his desk, my Kuder Preference Test, my IQ test, my essay on sports writing. "They indicate the direction in which you should apply yourself."

"Yes, sir."

"These," he said, "reveal the occupation you're undoubtedly cut out for."

"Sir?"

"Photo-engraver."

Silence.

"Well, Batten," the teacher smiled, satisfied that another student had been set on his life's path, "back to classes then."

I moved through the rest of high school in a daze and entered Victoria College in the fall of 1950. The big issues on campus were peace for the world and chaperones for dances. The Varsity took brave stands, in favour of the first

and opposed to the second. Johnny Evans was the bulwark of the Blues football line. President Sidney Smith was photographed while he underwent a tuberculosis X-ray as an encouragement for students to do likewise. The Vic Chapel sponsored a talk on "The Christian Philosophy of Sex," and the Hart House Tuck Shop installed an apple vending machine, five cents per apple. Hart House Theatre presented a sensational production of *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*. The Captain was played by Hal Jackman, a high school classmate of mine, and a beautiful blonde girl named Beth Robinson took the part of Lady Cicely. Jackman is now president of Empire Life Insurance and Beth married my cousin. Small world.

In the midst of all these heady events, I was struggling with my future. I'd abandoned sports journalism on the grounds that I must have guessed wrong in Grade 9. I was ignoring photo-engraving on the grounds that I had never grasped exactly what a photo-engraver did at his job. And I'd opted for law on the grounds that a favourite uncle had established a glamorous career at the bar in a downtown Toronto firm.

Meanwhile, enrolled in Philosophy and History while I marked time till law school, I planned my career as an inter-collegiate football star. At 18, I was small. In fact, I'd been the only boy at my high school to play for five consecutive years on the 100-pound football team. But I lived in confidence that, any day now, I'd start to grow.

"You'll be hearing from me," I said to Bob Masterson late one afternoon. Masterson was the Blues coach, a large curly haired man who once played for the Washington Redskins, and he knew me by sight because I'd taken to hanging around the team practices that usually took place on the old Trinity field starting about five p.m.

"How much you weigh, son?" Masterson asked.

"Bout one-ten," I said, tacking on ten pounds to the truth.

"What?"

"One hundred and ten pounds, sir."

"Not much call for 100-pound football players, son."

I turned away.

"You hang around here enough," Masterson said. "You ought to forget about playing and think about writing down what we're trying to do on this team."

Jack Batten, 57, is a Toronto freelance writer.



A small light bulb went on in my head, about 25 watts. I didn't rush to the offices of *The Varsity* and offer my services. The sports editor was a formidable character named Bob Dnieper, and freshmen, I intuited, shouldn't meddle with him. So I ignored *The Varsity*, but in the secret of my bed room at home, I began to write sports columns that would never see the printed page — or much else except my waste-paper basket. I wrote columns in imitation of Jim Coleman of the *Globe and Mail*, and I wrote several chapters of a hockey novel that owed plenty in style to Ring Lardner's stories. I didn't own a typewriter, but I had enough pencils and paper, and secretly, almost aimlessly, I kept on writing.

The rest of my University life moved along in fits and starts. I joined a fraternity on St. George Street and learned to play a card game called "Hearts". I took classes from teachers I recognized as somehow great: Northrop Frye for one poetry seminar; Marcus Long, the philosopher with the show-biz techniques; Frank Underhill, the historian who had the answers to everything. I hustled after a lovely, dark U.C. girl a couple of years ahead of me; I never spoke to her, or even hailed within talking distance, but years later I saw her again, sitting between Gordon Sinclair and Pierre Berton on *Front Page Challenge*. Toby Robins.

And at last I discovered the best of all the University's institutions, the library. I read the usual people, supposing like most other undergraduates that I had uniquely hit on them: Fitzgerald and Hemingway and James Joyce. I also

came across some journalists: Dwight Macdonald, the *New Yorker* crowd, George Orwell, and sports writers like John Lardner and Red Smith. These guys, I said to myself, really know how to write, and I went home to try and copy them.

I graduated from Philosophy and History, spent three years at the U of T Law School under the remarkable Dean Caesar Wright, got called to the bar and went downtown to join my favourite uncle's firm. I was still writing, but by then it wasn't such a secret. I had met Robert Fulford, then as now one of the country's superb editors, and he guided me to publication. I sold freelance articles about sports and jazz and other subjects to magazines and newspapers, and after four years I found enough confidence to leave law and make a living by writing magazine articles and books. That was 14 years ago, and today, five feet-six, 124 pounds but expecting to grow any minute now, I'm still at it.

Someone at my old high school noticed what I was up to, and one day in the early 1970s, I was invited back to talk to the guidance class about the writer's profession. My original guidance teacher, the Latin Authors specialist, remained in charge of the course, slightly more stooped, a little fussier. I told him, as we stood waiting for the boys to file into the class room, about the advice he'd given me back in Grade 9, the stuff about aiming for a career in photo-engraving. I laughed, and he looked blank.

He didn't remember.

## Transitional Year Program reinstated

The troubled Transitional Year Program (TYP), suspended for the current academic year after an external review committee complained of Marxist and Third World bias in some of its courses and asserted it was "of minimal benefit for preparing students for university", has been reinstated by the University's Governing Council.

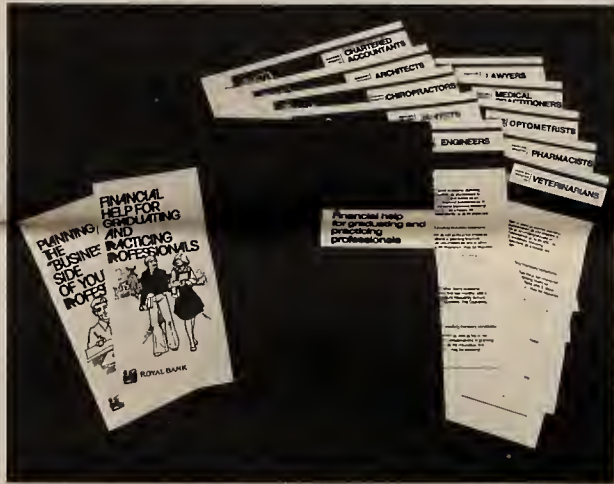
Every year since 1970-71, the Program, housed in Innis College, has undertaken to prepare for admission to university 50 young people whose disadvantaged circumstances have prevented them from completing high school. The only other comparable program in Canada is the two-year TYP at Dalhousie University, offered to a much smaller number of students.

The Governing Council accepted the recommendations of a task force, chaired by Father John Kelly of St. Michael's College and with a membership consisting of both faculty and students, that the Program be revived, though in new and separate quarters, and with a modified curriculum.

"While a TYP at the University of Toronto may be only a token gesture," the report of the task force stated, "it is an extremely significant one. By demonstrating what can be done for a small number of disadvantaged students, the TYP stands as a challenge to the educational authorities of Ontario to make adequate provision for the educational needs of many more."

## University club invites members

Eight thought-provoking evening programs and 27 study groups are available from the University Women's Club of North York, which meets on the last Wednesday of the month at the Education Centre, 5050 Yonge St., Willowdale. Women graduates from any accredited university in the world are welcome. Membership Convener: Elaine Beard, 487-1496.



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# The best place to be

by Ernest Buckler



Not to sound like a mawkish Sigmund Romberg operetta ("Gone are the golden days of youth"), and quite mindful that nostalgia is a notoriously unreliable witness, I can say in all truth that my days at the University were among the happiest of my life. For several reasons. Somehow youth seemed younger then, had not yet leapt from in one bound from kindergarten to disenchantment. Thought was no stranger to it, but no one fancied himself a latter-day Coeur de Lion sent to purge the world of any infidels who did not share his own opinions, or filled his skull with assorted evangelisms before its fontanelle had quite closed. A love of campus was not yet considered "camp". And despite the taunts ("Naivete! Naivete!") which such sentiments may provoke, I still maintain that at that time the campus was the best place one could possibly be.

For who can deny the mystique of the place? Especially in the fall when the dusk first begins to awaken and bestir itself, and the last of the year's leaves drift down so consentually onto the ground, which is still campus-green? When the echo-edged shouts drift almost spectrally from the playing fields where the footballs sail their last flights through the air that is enrispen almost to exhilaration, briskened almost to intoxication? Until the building stones themselves, quickened by twilight, begin to exhale the very breath of heritage. Until each student, braced as with a sudden blush of blood, hastens to his own tasks no longer diffuse... and then the dormitory lights come on, one by one, to win over the seclusiveness of the solid dark. Elsewhere, November droops with its own pewter disregard, too lifeless even to protest its lifelessness. Here, November is the month of enkindlement in the teeming calendar.

When I first came to the University I felt very small. Obscure as a field mouse in a forest of redwoods. Even the bells of the Hart House carillon italicized and struck an answering chord to my loneliness. But it was my good fortune to be in residence (at Trinity House, no longer with us), and discover that as much (or more) could be learned from the stimuli of good companions as from the frozen food of books sometimes unlearned, that beer was the *lingua franca* of even the coposcenti, and that high jinks thisside of roudyism were the yeast of even the brainiest.

A ramshackle structure which suggested a ratty old duchess in a maribou stole that had seen better days, Trinity House was nothing to have set Matthew Arnold mooning about "dreaming spires". But I think that it inspired a curious affection in each of us.

Looking back, our antics there may seem pejoratively "collegiate". Bottle rolls. Walking the foot-wide ledge outside the sixth floor with a drop of a hundred feet below. Letting down bags of water on the heads of approaching visitors (once, inadvertently, on a venerable member of the Board of Governors).

There were those also who played bridge the watches through, and the Scott Fitzgeralds went to tea dances - but they were nchow the pennanted (and mentally untenanted), raccoon-coated, rumble-seated types that John Field Jr. made famous. By and large, I think we were made, if not of sterner, at least of stouter stuff. And our revels ended, most of us repaired not to the neo Mermaid Tavern across the street, where the talk was "rarer" than rare Ben Jonson's, but to a heartier eatery a few blocks down, whose menu proclaimed in block capitals: "This place is kept with unscrupulous cleanliness."

I was in Philosophy, as the expression goes. A pursuit well below the salt in those days. Now, even the macho types of student are philosophers of sorts, who, as they bandy their metaphysics back and forth, find it a subject of engrossing discussion second only to sex. But philosophy then was generally regarded as a dusty enclave for eccentrics who wore thick glasses (ground by Spinoza for the Cyclops?) and dressed like Emmett Kelly. However, though I found even Lötze lotsa fun, I somehow escaped Coventry - probably because I was a fair tap dancer who had once trod the boards at Hart House and had twice made a Grand Slam doubled, redoubled, and vulnerable, in a single afternoon.

What stands out far in the forefront of all this, though, are my tutorial sessions with Professor George Brett. I was continually in awe of his giant intellect, literally convinced that he knew everything - but with his pure and distillate certainties (combined with a gentle charm of person), he set my thinking straight in more ways than I can count. He was a man to revere. And I revere him (and "Freddie" King still).

Anecdotes about Brett abound. But this is my favourite. Once he assigned an essay to a friend of mine. The friend, at wit's end to concoct anything passable, scoured the very dustbins of the library until he came across a treatment of the subject in a monograph so obscure that (he thought) nobody could possibly recognize it. He linked together a patch-



work of the salient paragraphs in the monograph and turned his essay in. Back it came with the comment attached: "This is an excellent essay. Unfortunately the quality of the connecting passages is not up to that of the passages quoted."

Poetry is "big" with students now. You get quarterbacks turning up late for practice because they had an ode to polish before inspiration forsook them; the margins were not irregular enough and the meaning was threatening to become plain. In my day, poetry had roughly the status of potter's asthma; and twice to remember the first wheezes perpetrated in the *Trinity Review*. As the years go, I wrote fervent prose-poems on love and death (knowing next to nothing about either), and was inordinately proud of a title I'd hit on to pin down the mysteries of mortality and immortality: "Ashes Bring in Clover". I was lucky, however, to have as an editor, J.K. Thomas, who enjoined me to give up cultivating my little windowboxes of adjective and adverb and stick to the verbs where the action's at. A sterling advice I've tried to remember (despite much back-sliding) in all my writing since.

I liked the free-wheeling college life; and yet (being a sucker for ritual), I enjoyed the ceremonial occasions too. Maybe the irreverent might liken a dignitary's cap to a failed soufflé and his gown to a failed Dior, but I was not of that mind. I found ceremony simply a corking good show. (To offer a parallel, who'd want to see the Queen opening Parliament in a jump suit?)

And speaking of theatre, how many good things come by

chance! I'd never seen a fine play in my life until my roommate had an extra ticket for the Lunts at the Royal Alex. He gave it to me. I went not expecting much, was astonished that such marvels existed, and have been blissfully hooked on the drama ever since.

And so the memories throng.

I remember Kant's *Critique* and I remember the magnificent U.C. portal. I remember the majestic Great Hall at Hart House and I remember the delicious thwack of the racquet on the ball when your backhand shot just skimmed the net on the tennis court opposite St. Hilda's. I remember St. Hilda's and all the gals therein and I remember the flagons of beer we were allowed (but just this once!) to bring into the Common Room the day that one of us had won a Rhodes. I remember the long group hikes when Spring had first taken over the reins from Winter's administration and I remember my delight in the pure serenity of Mathematics, where the Spiral of Archimedes was usually so exactly right for its represented equation. I remember the meetings of the Philosophical Society where Nabiscos were mixed with Descartes in the proportions of a dry martini and I remember the gargantuan appetites we satisfied while our swirling conversation mounted to a thunder around the laden evening board.

Yes, I remember this and I remember that.

But above all do I remember this friend and that friend amongst all the good fellows gathered in these happy corridors.

**Ernest Buckler, M.A. 3T0, author of *The Mountain and the Valley*, is a novelist now living in Nova Scotia.**



# sesquicentennial

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# Sesqui Events

## March

Mississauga Artists' Workshop. Art Gallery, South Building, Erindale College. March 2 to 31. 828-5214

The Rules of the Game, Luigi Pirandello. Hart House Theatre. 8.30 pm, March 10 to 12 and 15 to 19. \$3, or \$1.50 for students and senior citizens. 978-8668

Sesquicentennial Birthday Party. Hart House. A quilting bee in the Crafts Room, saloon in the Arbor Room, salon in the Gallery Dining Room, singing in the East Common Room, concerts in the Music Room, dancing in the Great Hall, and an enormous birthday cake. Tues. March 15

Asbestos Symposium, Dr. Irving Selikoff. O.I.S.E. Auditorium, 252 Bloor St. W. 9 am. to 5 pm. Tues. March 15. \$2

Sesquicentennial Convocation, Honorary Degrees presented to Rt. Hon. Jules Léger, Claude Bissell, Northrop Frye, John Kelly, Marshall McLuhan, Helen Hogg, Gordon Patterson, Lawrence Shook, J. Tusso Wilson, and Melvin Harding. Convocation Hall. 3.30 pm. Tues. March 15

Illustrations in Temperas, Barbara Zittler. Hart House Art Gallery. March 15 to April 1

The Pursuit of Happiness, Bach, Haydn, and Mozart in Roccoco Architecture, Kenneth Clark Civilization Series. Scarborough College, Room H-214, Noon, and Room S-128, 4 pm. Tues. March 15

The Professor as Author, a display of books in the humanities and social sciences written by U of T faculty. Main Display Area, Roberts Library. March 17 to Sept. 30

Learning to Read: Issues in Word Recognition, Lecture, Dr. Marilyn Smith. Meeting Hall, Scarborough Civic Centre, 150 Borough Dr. 1 pm. Wed. March 16

Hart House Pop Concert, Garth Vogen Trio. East Common Room, Hart House. Noon to 2 pm. Wed. March 16

The Kinetics of Public Policy Formation, Lecture, A.W.R. Carruthers. O.I.S.E. Auditorium, 252 Bloor St. W. 4 pm. Wed. March 16

Literature - its Study and its Creation, Impact Lecture Series, Prof. D.V. LePan, Kildare Dobbs, Dr. C.T. Bassell, Chairman. West Hall, University College. 8 pm. Wed. March 16

Piano Recital, David Swan. Walter Hall, Edward Johnson Building. 2.10 pm. Thurs. March 17

Buying for the Future, Hart House Art Lecture, David Silcox. Bickersteth Room, Hart House. 7 pm. Thurs. March 17

University Research - its Interest and its Use, Impact Lecture Series, Prof. B.P. Stoicheff, Prof. D.W. Strangway, Prof. W.H. Rapson; June Callwood, Interviewer; Prof. A.C.H. Hallett, Chairman. Convocation Hall. 8 pm. Thurs. March 17

As You Desire Me, Luigi Pirandello, directed by Drama Centre student, Damiano Pietropaulo. Studio Theatre, 4 Glen Morris St. 8.30 pm. March 17 to 19 and 24 to 26. 978-8705

Sesquicentennial Flower Show, Greenhouse, Botany Building. 9 am. to 5 pm. March 19 to 25

Sesquicentennial Salute to the University, Mississauga Symphony Orchestra conducted by Boyd Neel. Meeting Place, Erindale College. 3 pm. Sun. March 20

Oil and the Arctic Environment, Sesquicentennial Lecture/Film Series, Prof. Tom Hutchinson and Prof. Don Mackay. Main Auditorium, Ontario Science Centre. 3 pm. Sun. March 20

The Smile of Reason, Blenheim, Versailles, and Monticello, Kenneth Clark Civilization Series. Scarborough College, Room H-214, Noon, and Room S-128, 4 pm. Tues. March 22

The Big Band Sound of Trump Davidson's Orchestra. The Meeting Place, Scarborough College. Noon and 1 pm. Wed. March 23

Hart House Pop Concert, Mike Perry Quintet. East Common Room, Hart House. Noon to 2 pm. Wed. March 23

Racism and National Consciousness, Prof. F.I. Cisse. Room 1015, New College. 5 pm. to 6 pm. Wed. March 23

Three-Pipe (Lined) Problems in the North, Lecture, Dr. James Ritchie. Room S-309, Scarborough College. 8.30 pm. Wed. March 23

Student Chamber Music Concert. Walter Hall, Edward Johnson Building. 2.10 pm. Thurs. March 24

Kat's Kabanova, opera by Janacek, conducted by James Craig. MacMillan Theatre, Edward Johnson Building. 8 pm. March 25 and 26, April 1 and 2. \$4, or \$2.50 for students and senior citizens. 978-3744

Behaviour and the Regulation of Animal Numbers, Sesquicentennial Lecture/Film Series, Prof. Jim Bendall. Main Auditorium, Ontario Science Centre. 3 pm. Sun. March 27

The Worship of Nature, Turner and Constable, Kenneth Clark Civilization Series. Scarborough College, Room H-214, Noon, and Room S-128, 4 pm. Tues. March 29

Gnosticism and the New Testament, George McRae. Brennan Hall, SMC. 8 pm. Tues. March 29

Hart House Pop Concert, Rob Carroll Quartet. East Common Room, Hart House. Noon to 2 pm. Wed. March 30

U of T Concert Choir, conducted by Charles W. Heffernan. Walter Hall, Edward Johnson Building. 8.30 pm. Wed. March 30. \$2, or \$1 for students and senior citizens. 978-3744

The Song Cycle as Entity: Schumann's Liederkreis, Op. 39, Lecture Demonstration, Arthur Komar. Walter Hall, Edward Johnson Building. 2.10 pm. Thurs. March 31

Buying for the Future, Hart House Art Lecture, Jean Johnson. Bickersteth Room, Hart House. 7 pm. Thurs. March 31

Orford String Quartet Beethoven Series Lecture, Dean John Beckwith. Walter Hall, Edward Johnson Building. 8 pm. Thurs. March 31. Free for series subscribers, \$1 for non-subscribers. 978-3744

## April

Orford String Quartet. Meeting Place, Erindale College. Noon. Fri. April 1

Convocation of Trinity College: Annual Spring Seminar, International Education, King Gordon, Main Speaker. Seelley Hall and the Buttery, Trinity College. 9 am. to 4 pm. Sat. April 2

Orford String Quartet Beethoven Series Concert, Op. 18, No. 6; Op. 130; Op. 59, No. 2. Walter Hall, Edward Johnson Building. 3 pm. Sun. April 3. \$6, or \$4 for students and senior citizens. 978-3744

Orford String Quartet, selections from Op. 18, No. 6; Op. 130; Op. 59, No. 2. Seelley Hall, Trinity College. 1 pm. to 2 pm. Tues. April 5. \$2, or \$1 for students

The Fallacies of Hope, Romantic Disillusionment, Kenneth Clark Civilization Series. Scarborough College, Room H-214, Noon, and Room S-128, 4 pm. Tues. April 5. MacMillan Theatre, Edward Johnson Building. 8.30 pm. Wed. April 6

Hart House Art Gallery, a juried show of works from the University community. April 5 to 22



**Annual Exhibit by Erindale Students in the Art Education Program.** Art Gallery, South Building, Erindale College. April 5 to 30. Reception 5.30 pm. April 6

**Science and Politics at Interface: Models of Decision Making in the Technological Society.** Prof. L.E.H. Trainor. Room 1016, New College. 4.30 pm. to 5.30 pm. Wed. April 6

**U of T Concert Band,** conducted by Melvin Berman and Stephen Chenette. MacMillan Theatre, Edward Johnson Building. 8.30 pm. Wed. April 6

**Music by Graduate Students from the Electronic Music Studio.** Walter Hall, Edward Johnson Building. 2.10 pm. Thurs. April 7

**Heroic Materialism, Industrial Landscapes and Cityscapes.** Kenneth Clark Civilization Series. Scarborough College, Room H 214, Noon, and Room S-128, 4 pm. Tues. April 12

**Painting, Sculpture and Architecture - Nature and Value of Canadian Content.** Impact Lecture Series. Charles Pachter, A.J. Diamond, Prof. D.S. Richardson and others. Auditorium, Medical Sciences Building. 8 pm. Tues. April 12

**Moe Kofman Quintet.** The Meeting Place, Erindale College. 3 pm. Sun. April 12. \$4.00-\$3.00 for students and senior citizens. 828-5214

**Benefit Concert for the Walter Homburger Scholarship Fund.** Rudolf Serkin. MacMillan Theatre, Edward Johnson Building. 8.30 pm. Mon. April 18. \$25 and \$15. 978-3744

**Watercolours.** Jean-Philippe Vogel. Hart House Art Gallery. April 26 to May 13

**University College Alumnae Association Symposium.** Prof. John Kenneth Galbraith, Speaker; Ian Macdonald, Abe Rotstein, and Dian Cohen, Panel Members. Medical Sciences Building Auditorium. 8 pm. Fri. April 29. \$5. 978-2367

**Alumni Advisory Conference.** Panel Discussion and Workshops on *The Structure of the University of the Future.* New Academic Building, Victoria College. 9.30 am. Sat. May 7. Registration at Alumni House.

**Ontario Pre-Junior Wrestling Championships.** Benson Building. 9 am. to 9 pm. Sat. May 28

**Sesquicentennial Spring Engineering Reunion.** Dinner and dance to the Lady Godiva Memorial Band. Canadian Room, Royal York Hotel. 978-2365

## June

**Alumni Spring Reunion,** bus tours of the campus and tours of Hart House. 10 am. to 2 pm. Carillon Concert, 2 pm. Sat. June 4. 978-2366

**Saint Michael's Alumni Association Reunion.** All graduates prior to 1952. Tours of the campus. Dinner on Sat. Exhibit of archival pictures. Sat. and Sun. June 4 and 5

## Aug/Sept

**Towards 2077 Lecture Series.** *Future of Literacy.* Prof. Marshall McLuhan, Prof. Carl Williams, Prof. John Abrams; Dr. C.T. Bissell, Chairman. Convocation Hall. 8 pm. Thurs. Sept. 29

## Oct

**Lecture on history of U of T.** Prof. G.M. Craig. West Hall, University College. 4 pm. Thurs. Oct. 13

**Orford String Quartet Beethoven Series Lecture.** Prof. Philip Gossett. Walter Hall, Edward Johnson Building. 8 pm. Thurs. Oct. 13. Free for series subscribers, \$1 for non-subscribers.

**Fall Homecoming Weekend.** Oct. 15 to 16. 978-2366

**Orford String Quartet Beethoven Series Concert.** Op. 18. No. 1; Op. 133; Op. 59, No. 1. Walter Hall, Edward Johnson Building. 3 pm. Sun. Oct. 16. \$6, or \$4 for students and senior citizens. 978-3744

**Towards 2077 Lecture Series.** *Poverty in the Third World - And In Our Own.* Dr. W. David Hopper, Dr. Reuben C. Baetz; Prof. S.G. Trantis, Chairman. Convocation Hall. 8 pm. Tues. Oct. 18

**Lecture on history of U of T (continued).** Prof. Robin Harris. West Hall, University College. 4 pm. Thurs. Oct. 20.

**Pontiac and the Green Man.** Robertson Davies. MacMillan Theatre, Edward Johnson Building. 8.30 pm. Oct. 27, 28, 29, Nov. 3, 4, 5. \$4, or \$2.50 for students and senior citizens. 978-3744

**The Dismissal.** James Reaney. The plays set in 1894-95 when the dismissal of a history professor led to a student uprising. It will be staged by NDWT Company of the Bathurst Street Theatre in November

Watch for the next issue of the *Graduate* for a more complete listing of late summer and fall Sesquicentennial events.

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## May

**Music in the University and in the Concert Hall.** Impact Lecture Series. Lukas Foss, Dean John Beckwith and others. Medical Sciences Building. 8 pm. Mon. May 2

**Opera Excerpt Programs.** MacMillan Theatre, Edward Johnson Building. 8 pm. May 3, 4, 6, 24, 25, 27. \$1. 978-3744

**Alumni Advisory Conference.** *Beyond 1977 - Reflections on the University of Toronto.* President John R. Evans. Medical Sciences Building Auditorium. 8 pm. Fri. May 6

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issues on campus were peace  
for the world and  
chaperones for dances. Jack  
Batten



*An unopened packet of  
leaflets came plummeting  
down, damn near killing  
an old lady.* Keith  
Davey



*I wrote  
fervent prose poems on love  
and death (knowing next to  
nothing about either).* Ernest  
Buckler



*At U of T I first learned  
the importance of the rural  
vote.* William  
Davis



*In the parking lot  
behind the AD house someone  
told me he loved me and scared  
me half to death.* Adrienne  
Clarkson